

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 834.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1833.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards.
By Colonel Mackinnon. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

The Life of a Regiment, if we may use the term, is a curious and interesting piece of biography. Though many times killed off, like the king, it never dies. Its services connect it intimately with the historical events of its country. It sees a great deal of foreign lands. It is active and gallant at home; equal to the fray, and fitted for the pompous ceremonial; daring in the bloody field, overpowering in the chalked ball-room. Brave in war, dashing in peace, dreaded by the enemy, favoured by the fair. The Life of a Regiment, we repeat, is a capital subject.

And our author, the honoured Colonel, has acquitted himself ably in his handling of it. Flying colours and drums beating are his due reward. Excellent order, a thorough knowledge of what was requisite to be done, minute preliminary inspection, and spirit in execution, have raised him deservedly to the rank of a Military - Literary Conqueror — the Caesar of the Coldstream.

But, to speak more seriously, this is in truth a work of much greater importance than we anticipated; and the more it is examined, the more will the laudable industry of the writer be appreciated. To us, to whom the clearing up of every doubtful point in history is so agreeable, as it shews how little dependence can be placed on the philosophical romances so mis-named, the labours of Colonel Mackinnon are delightful. In the very minutiae of his statements we find the light of truth; and though his object is single, the particulars which he has drawn from hoarded records, official documents, and other authentic sources, are by no means confined to the Coldstream Guards, but illustrate many transactions connected with public affairs, and correct the errors of preceding historians.

To afford a just opinion of his performance we confess we ought to do what our present time forbids: we ought to lay before our readers a careful analysis of the publication. But this we must leave to Reviews of larger dimensions, less multifarious contents, and greater leisure for concoction; and be satisfied with a fair report generally, and a few selections to justify our praise.

The Coldstream Regiment was originally formed in the year 1650, when General Monck returning from Ireland, accepted from Cromwell a command in the army intended for Scotland; and had above five hundred men from Hesilridge's regiment, and five companies from Fenwick's, drafted together from Newcastle and Berwick, and given to him. This new corps, 1100 strong, entered Scotland with the protector, and took part in all the warfare which ensued in that country, including the famous battle of Dunbar,* till its final sub-

jugation. The narrative consequently embraces the life of Monck in the north, where his head-quarters were at the town of Coldstream (hence the name), to the period when he marched from Tweedside and contributed so essentially to the restoration of Charles the Second, in 1660. The account of his preparatory steps to secure the fidelity of the northern army, and of this march to London, is replete with memorable information: (by the by, Monck's letter announcing his intentions, page 84, should be dated from Kelso, not Kelsall).

During the preceding period of ten years, one of the most remarkable circumstances is the employment of the troops on board the fleet against the Dutch under Van Tromp, and afterwards De Witt (said to be the inventor of chain-shot), just as marines are now employed, and no doubt the origin of that service.

sixth of October; in that you desire me, that two thousand and three hundred of the Scotch prisoners now at Durham, or elsewhere, able and fit for foot-service, be selected, and marched thence to Chester and Liverpool, to be shipped for the south and west of Ireland, and that I should take special care not to send any Highlanders. I am necessitated, upon the receipt of this, to give you a full account concerning the prisoners. After the battle of Dunbar, in Scotland, my lord general wrote to me, that there were about nine thousand prisoners, and that of these he sent at once to Ireland those that were wounded, and as he thought, suitable for future service; and their number was as Mr. Downing wrote, five thousand one hundred: the rest the general sent towards Newcastle, conducted to Berwick by Major Hobson, and from Berwick to Newcastle by some foot out of that garrison, and the troop of horse. When they came to Morpeth, they ate up the raw cabbages, leaves and roots; and so many, as the very seed and the labour, at fourpence a day, was valued by sufficient men at nine pounds: which cabbages, as I conceive, (they having fasted, as themselves said, near eight days), poisoned their bodies; for, as they were coming from thence to Newcastle, some died by the wayside: and when they came to Newcastle, I put them into the greatest church in the town; and the next morning, when I sent them to Durham, about seven score were sick and not able to march, and three died that night; and some fell down in their march from Newcastle to Durham, and died: and when they came to Durham, I having sent my lieutenant-colonel and my major with a strong guard both of horse and foot, and they being then told to march to the great cathedral church, they would not come to it, more than 3000, although Colonel Fenwick wrote to me that there were about 3500; but I believe that were not told at Berwick, and most of those that were lost in Scotland; for I heard that the officers that marched with them to Berwick were necessitated to kill about thirty, fearing the loss of them all, for they fell down in great numbers, and said they were not able to march; and they brought them far in the night, so that doubtless many ran away. When I sent them first to Durham, I wrote to the major, and desired him to take care that they wanted nothing fit for prisoners, and what he should disburse I would repay it. I also sent them a daily supply of bread from Newcastle, and an allowance equal to what had been given to former prisoners; but their bodies being infected, the flux increased among them. I sent many officers to look to them, and appointed that those that were sick should be removed out of the cathedral church into the bishop's castle, which belongs to Mr. Blakiston, and provided cooks; and they had porridge made with oatmeal and beef and cabbage a full quart at a meal for every prisoner. They had also small daily bread to them, as much about one hundred pence both day and night; and straw to lie upon; and I appointed the marshal to see all these things orderly done, and he was allowed eight men to help him to divide the coals, and their meat, bread, and porridge, equally. They were so unruly, slutish, and nasty, that it is not to be believed; they acted rather like beasts than men, so that the marshal was allowed forty men to cleanse and sweep them every day; but these men were of the lustiest prisoners, and had some small thing given to them extraordinary;

In 1661, we learn that adjutants were first appointed to the Guards.

"A court-martial," says Col. M. "which was held on the 1st of August at Stirling, affords a specimen of the discipline of the period. Yesterday we had a court-martial for trying stragglers: eleven came within the compass of the third article of duties in marching: two did draw lots, which fell upon the most notorious stragglers, and those who were worst characterised; the one to die, which the general thought fit: who was acquainted with the proceedings of the court, and gave order touching those two, that they should cast lots again, and he upon whom of the two the lot fell should suffer. This day the execution is to be done." The same occurrence is thus reported, with some embellishment, in other periodicals of that time. "From Scotland our

and these provisions were for those that were in health. And for those that were sick and in the castle, they had very good mince-pie, and bread and veal broth, and beef and butter boiled together; and old women appointed to look to them in the several rooms. There was also a physician which let them blood, and dressed such as were wounded, and gave the sick physic; and I dare confidently say there was never the like care taken for any such number of prisoners that ever were in England. Notwithstanding all this, many of them died, and few of any other disease but the flux. Some were killed by themselves, for they were exceedingly cruel one towards another: if a man was perceived to have any money, it was two to one but he was killed before morning, and robbed; and if any had good clothes, that he wanted, if he was able, would strangle him, and put on his clothes. The disease of the flux still increasing amongst them, I was then forced, for their preservation, if possible it might be, to send to all the next towns to Durham, within four or five miles, to command them to bring in their milk; for that was conceived to be the best remedy for stopping of their flux; and I promised them what rates they usually sold it for at their markets; which was accordingly performed by about sixty towns and places, and two-thirds of the money sent to Durham, and placed in two barrels of the most strong beer, and continued still to send daily in their milk, which is boiled with some water, and some with bean-flower, the physicians holding it exceeding good for the recovery of their health. Gentlemen, you cannot but think strange this long preamble, and to wonder what the master will be: — in short, it is this: of the 3000 prisoners that my officers told into the cathedral church at Durham, 300 from thence, and 50 from Newcastle, of the 140 left behind, were delivered to Major Clark by order from the council; and there are about 500 sick in the castle, and about 600 yet in health in the cathedral, the most of which are in probability Highlanders, they being harder than the rest; and other means to distinguish them we have not: and about 1600 are dead and buried, and officers about sixty, that are at the marshal's in Newcastle. My lord general having released the rest of the officers, and the council having given me power to take out what I thought fit, I have granted to the well-affected persons to have salt-wicks, and want 40, and they have engaged to help them to work at their salt-passes; and I have taken out more, about 12 weavers, to begin a trade of linen cloth, like unto the Scotch cloth, and about 40 labourers. I cannot give you, on this sudden, a more exact account of the prisoners; neither can any account hold true long, because they still die daily, and, doubtless, so they will so long as any remain in prison. And for those that are well, if Major Clark could have believed that they had been able to have marched on foot, he would have marched them by land; for we perceive that divers that are seemingly healthy, and have not at all been sick, suddenly die; and we cannot give any reason for it, only we apprehend they are all infected, and that the strength of some holds out till it sizzes upon their very hearts. Now you fully understand the condition and the number of the prisoners: what you please to direct I shall observe, and intend not to proceed further upon this letter until I have your answer upon what I have now written. I am, gentlemen your affectionate servant,

ARTHUR HESILRIDGE.

"Newcastle, 31st Oct. 1650."

* "The annexed letter, from Hesilridge to parliament, will explain the fate of the unfortunate captives: —

"Gentlemen, — I received your letter dated the twenty-

Scout* bringeth intelligence that some soldiers, being tried by a court of war for certain misdemeanours by them committed, were adjudged to cast dice for their lives: but one amongst the rest, being a man of some new coyned estate, lamented his most unhappy fortune pitifully, which a soldier perceiving, came to him, saying, 'If thou wilt give me 5*l.* I'll throw for thee, for I have obtained leave'; and being assented to, he took the dice, and throwing sink cater escaped the halter. His captain, standing by, said, 'Oh, suppose you had thrown alms aye, and so have lost your life?' 'Oh, sir, I have hazarded my life not many a time for 8*d.* a-day, and might I not as well adventure to do to for 5*l.* a-minute? — 'tis gallant pay, captain; nothing venture, nothing have.'"

On the death of Monck, January 3, 1669-70, the Coldstream Guards was given to the Earl of Craven; and the Duke of Monmouth was elevated in the army to that fearful eminence which ultimately led to his ruin, and death upon the scaffold. We do not think of following the regiment through its subsequent services in various parts of the world. In January, 1683-4, we meet the following military morsel:—

"The arms of the Coldstream were ordered to be exchanged, and snaphance muskets and pikes only supplied; matchlocks were discontinued by the Guards, although used in regiments of infantry to a later period."

In 1685, the Coldstream were in the procession at the coronation of James II., and took part in the battle of Sedgemoore. In May, 1686, the battalions were supplied with bayonets for the first time; previously, only the grenadiers were so armed. Their earliest use, we believe, was about 1671, in France; and the soldiers of the regiment (fusiliers) wore them by the sides of their swords.

"Prior to the entry of the Prince of Orange into London, he sent orders for all the king's forces in and about the capital to march out, with the exception of the Coldstream."

The regiment was taken by William from Lord Craven (above eighty years of age), and bestowed on Col. Thomas Talmash. We pass the continental wars which ensued, in which the Coldstream was much distinguished, and in which Talmash was wounded to death, and succeeded by Colonel Lord Cutts, who was in turn (1707) succeeded by Charles Churchill, Lord Cadogan, Lord Scarborough, the Duke of Cumberland, and the second Duke of Marlborough, in 1742. The next incidents relate to Lord Peterborough's campaigns in Spain, at the commencement of the eighteenth century; from which we shall only extract a singular anecdote of a dog:—

"The enemy then proceeded with the operations against Fort Antonio. On the night of the 5th, as the English officers on guard were sitting together in a circle, with a large dog asleep in the centre, one of the enemy's shells falling upon the animal, his blood extinguished the fusee, and saved them all from destruction."

In the forty-five the Coldstream marched to Litchfield; and they did not share in the victory of Culloden. That battle is so well described, that we quote it as a fair specimen of the author:—

"Great indecision appears to have prevailed in the rebel councils. It was the young pretender's intention to make a night march, sur-

round the king's forces, and attack them on all sides at the same moment: for this purpose he set out, expecting to reach the English quarters at day-break; but in consequence of several halts, made without necessity, his columns became entangled, and many of the men, worn with hunger and fatigue from being under arms all the preceding night, lay down to sleep; and others, unperceived, left the ranks. The arrangements in every respect were badly planned, and a total want of discipline rendered the forces of Charles inefficient. Finding it impossible to execute his design, he retraced his steps to Culloden. The Duke of Cumberland lost no time in following him. A few hours after quitting Nairn, he perceived the Highlanders drawn up in line. The enemy's front was formed by the clans in thirteen divisions, under their respective chiefs. On the right were forty of the principal gentlemen dismounted. Next stood five hundred of the Athol men. The rest of the clans were stationed in the following order:—One hundred and fifty Mac Laughlans; six hundred Camerons of Lochiel; two hundred Stewarts of Appin; three hundred Stewarts of Gartly; five hundred Frasers of Lovat; four hundred Mac Intoshes; one hundred and fifty Chisholms; three hundred and thirty Farquharsons; three hundred Gordons of Glenbuckie; three hundred Mac Kinnons; three hundred Mac Leods of Rasy; one hundred Mac Leans; two hundred and fifty Mac Donalds of Clanronald; three hundred Mac Donalds of Kepnock; four hundred Mac Donells of Glenarry; making a total of four thousand nine hundred and ninety, with four pieces of cannon, which were planted in the centre in front of the Mac Kinnons and Farquharsons. On the right of the second line were posted two battalions of the regiment under Lord Lewis Gordon, of five hundred men each, who were supported by two battalions, of similar force, under Lord Ogilvie. In line with them was the regiment under Lord John Drummond, of five hundred men, headed by his cousin Lord Lewis Drummond; the remainder on the left were headed by the Earl of Kilmarnock and Colonel Creighton: being in all two thousand. The royal army was in excellent order. At one o'clock, all the preparations being made, the attack commenced with a cannonade, which did great execution among the rebels. About five hundred Highlanders rushed headlong on the duke's left wing, and shook one of the regiments; but two battalions immediately advancing from the second line, restored order, and poured in a steady and well-directed fire. Hawley then brought up his cavalry, and the Argyleshire militia, pulling down a park-wall on their right flank, completed the disorder of the enemy. A picket on the left covered their retreat by keeping up a brisk fire; after which they retired to Inverness, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. In less than thirty minutes the rebels were entirely defeated, and the field was covered with slain. Notwithstanding the general rout, a body of the Highlanders marched off with their pipes playing, and the pretender's standard unfurled. The young adventurer, whose eagerness to regain a crown for his family did not allow him to perceive that by involving England in a civil war he was merely operating a diversion in favour of Lewis, after enduring many privations, reached France in safety. His dangers and escapes while wandering a fugitive among the mountains, raised him to the dignity of a hero of romance; and the tale of his sufferings has caused many tears to flow, which would

have been better bestowed on the unfortunate beings who were the victims of his folly, and of the ambition of their leaders. It is related of this prince, that when he had worn out his shoes in his flight, a Highland woman gave him others, and taking possession of the pair he had thrown off, said, in a familiar tone, 'If you forget me when you have recovered your right, I will walk up to St. James's and shake these old shoes at you.' In this anecdote may perhaps be found the secret of those, who, regardless of the bloodshed and misery they may create, are ready to join in any attack on established governments or settled institutions, from which it does not happen to be their fortune to expect preferment. The Highland chiefs who compelled their followers to support the claim of a family for which they had been accustomed to evince but little respect or affection when the Stuarts reigned in Scotland, can scarcely deserve credit for any higher inducement than the desire to establish a king, at whose hands they might calculate on favour and promotion in return for the aid he received from them. Human nature is always the same. The adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster fought for their own private interests, in maintaining the cause they publicly avowed: the Highland chiefs who raised the standard of Prince Charles, and the warriors that flew to join Napoleon on his return from Elba, hoped to benefit themselves amidst the troubles of their country, and were probably unconscious of any more elevated sentiment of devotion and attachment than the Highland dame who, when she relieved the prince in his necessity, thought of future reward, and kept his worn-out shoes to witness against him. Wherever disinterestedness and true patriotism exist, they will be found to reside with those who value the general tranquillity, and abhor agitation and bloodshed, whether it be to change a dynasty, or to divide a people. The selfish motive for disturbing the public repose, and desolating a country, remains unchanged, although the form in which the guilty purpose exhibits itself may sometimes vary. At the present moment, Ireland can boast of patriots who would hazard the peace of a mighty empire to dissolve a union which, however little it may suit their own secret purposes, has married a poor country to a rich one, and placed the sister isle on the same footing as Wales and Scotland. To be identified with England in her prosperity, was all that Ireland had to ask; but neither the advantages arising from that which is established, nor the calamities of civil war attendant on its overthrow, enter into the calculations of men whose object is their own aggrandisement. A few months terminated the enterprise of Charles Stuart; but it has required more than half a century to repair the mischiefs it occasioned."

It is a great leap, but we must spring from Culloden to the late Peninsular war, for the sake of giving a letter of Sir John Moore, hitherto, we believe, unpublished, and of much military interest.

"Thus (says the colonel, after detailing the campaign of 1810-11) thus ended the third French invasion of Portugal under Massena, *l'enfant gâté de la Fortune*. Napoleon had sent with him to that devoted country the chosen veterans of France; men who had conquered at Marengo, at Austerlitz, and Jena. At first the French army imagined the lines of Torres Vedras might be easily forced, and consequently the entire subjugation of Portugal, the plunder of Lisbon, and the favourite idea of sending the British to their ships, objects of

* A periodical paper called 'The Scout.'

† The head of the chapter says he died "at Portsmouth," the text, "at Plymouth;" an error of the press. See pp. 287-288.

easy accomplishment. Such were the *châteaux en Espagne*, built by the French when this memorable invasion was undertaken; nor were their illusive hopes destroyed until they had approached those lines. When, however, Massena found himself unable to make any impression on them, and that neither forage, provisions, nor any other necessary for an army, could be obtained, he, with bitter conviction, saw that the superior foresight and skill of Wellington had destroyed all his hopes of aggrandisement, of glory, of the crown of Portugal, and of additional trophies for the troops of Napoleon! It is impossible for an Englishman and a soldier not to exult in the recollection of this glorious campaign. But the writer forbears to enlarge on the subject: the facts speak for themselves, and the indignant reprimand which Massena received from Napoleon through his minister-at-war, alike expressive of the surprise and disappointment of that excellent judge of military operations, is the proper commentary on the successful defence of Portugal under circumstances originally so unpromising. In his address to the Portuguese, Massena had announced that he entered their country at the head of one hundred thousand men, and asked, with no small appearance of reason, whether the feeble army of the British general could reasonably expect to oppose the victorious legions of France! The marshal answered his own question, when he was at length compelled to declare, in his justification to his angry master, that the principles of military science did not permit him to attempt the lines of Torres Vedras. It is no reproach to Sir John Moore, who ranked amongst the bravest and most intelligent British generals of his time, to say, that what all men but Wellington thought impossible, appeared impossible to him. The letter of that general to Lord Castlereagh, written at no very long period before Sir Arthur Wellesley directed the lines of Torres Vedras to be constructed, will prove how far even Sir John Moore was from supposing it to be within the reach of human ability to check an enemy at Lisbon, and to baffle any attempt on that capital.

"Salamanca, Nov. 25, 1808.

"I am not prepared at this moment to answer minutely your lordship's question respecting the defence of Portugal; but I can say generally, that the frontier of Portugal is not defensible against a superior force. It is an open frontier — all equally rugged, but all equally to be penetrated. If the French succeed in Spain, it will be vain to attempt to resist them in Portugal. The Portuguese are without military force; and, from the experience of their conduct under Sir Arthur Wellesley, no dependence is to be placed on any aid they can give. The British must, in that event, I conceive, immediately take steps to evacuate the country. Lisbon is the port, and therefore the only place from whence the army with its stores can embark. Elvas and Almeida are the only fortresses on the frontier. The first is, I am told, a respectable work. Almeida is defective, and could not hold out ten days against a regular attack. I have ordered a dépôt of provisions for a short consumption to be formed there, in case this army should be obliged to fall back; perhaps the same should be done at Elvas. In this case we might check the progress of the enemy whilst the stores are embarking, and arrangements are made for taking off the army. Beyond this, the defence of Lisbon or Portugal is not to be thought of. I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN MOORE.

"The French generals, to whom every inch of ground in the Peninsula was known, held the same opinion."

But we must now conclude; and we cannot do so without speaking in the most encomiastic terms of the wood engravings which adorn these volumes. The medals, medallions, coins, devices, orders, are curious, and executed in the most beautiful style. The Château of Hugomont is an exquisite memorial of the glory there achieved by the gallant author and the British Guards.

The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley. 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. John Murray.

ALL the admirers of the best age of our dramatic poetry, extending from the year 1590, about which date Shakespeare began to write, to the year 1647, when theatrical performances were forbidden by the Puritans, have been long looking for the publication of the works of James Shirley, the last disciple of that school in which nature was the great instructor. The task of collecting, arranging, and editing the plays and poems of Shirley, was long ago undertaken, as our readers are aware, by the late Mr. Gifford; but he did not live to complete his laborious enterprise: all the dramatic works, however, with two or three exceptions, went through the press under his immediate superintendence, and he has enriched them with notes and illustrations, displaying the same critical acumen, good taste, and instinctive as well as acquired knowledge of the subject, displayed in his editions of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and Ford. What Mr. Gifford did not live to finish, has been added by the Rev. Mr. Dyce. To the sixth volume he has annexed Shirley's Poems, Masques, and Entertainments; and to the first volume he has prefixed a life, including every thing his industrious research could collect regarding the author. The whole work is now completed and published, and six handsome octavos are ready to be placed, where they are entitled to stand — upon the shelves of every library.

We need not say how well Mr. Gifford has performed his portion of the editorial labour: the plays of Shirley had never before been printed but in the old editions, and the duty was therefore different from that which he was required on former occasions to execute. When he published his Massinger, Jonson, and Ford, he was of necessity obliged to enter into what may be called the polemics of poetry: he had first to clear away the rubbish by which former editors had obscured and encumbered their author, and then to exhibit the work in its just proportion, simplicity, and beauty. The admirable skill Mr. Gifford evinced in this department made many, who loved Shakespeare and despised the *animalcula* who had settled upon him, earnestly wish that with a masterly hand he would brush away these deformities, and display the genuine text of our greatest poet as a standard to future times. Had he survived, such a "labour of love" was in his contemplation; and his notes and remarks upon Shirley, give new proof of his extraordinary and peculiar competence. We know of no old plays worse printed than those of Shirley: lines and whole passages have been sometimes omitted; one word is often substituted for another totally dissimilar; and the minor errors of the press often involve the sense in almost impenetrable obscurity. It is quite astonishing, on turning over the pages of Mr. Gifford's reprint, to observe the manner in which he

has remedied these defects. His acuteness in penetrating the mystery of the author's meaning is almost miraculous; and his proposed alterations of the deformed and distorted text are like unexpected sun-light breaking in upon darkness. The reader acknowledges in an instant the excellence of the emendation, and admires the skill, scuteness, and ingenuity of the amender. Yet the page is never loaded with notes — the length of the comment never bears an inverse proportion to the brevity of the text; and the eye is not offended, while the understanding is satisfied. We look upon this edition of Shirley as a model, in many respects, of the manner in which the writings of our old dramatists ought to be explained and illustrated, without the slightest display of what Lord Bacon calls "vain learning," and with no offensive attempts to set the commentator above the poet.

In one particular, Mr. Dyce is the very opposite of his deceased coadjutor. If Mr. Gifford erred at all in the performance of this species of literary labour, it was in an over-estimate of the individual author in hand, and an over-zeal for the establishment of his reputation. Mr. Dyce, on the contrary, seems never to have been warmed into admiration by any of the many striking scenes and beautiful passages of the dramatist of whose works he was speaking. This, in fact, is the only material fault of his memoir of Shirley; but it has, nevertheless, this advantage, — that the reader will proceed to the perusal of the plays with a mind quite unbiased by any preliminary and partial criticism. It is indisputable, that the facts connected with the life of Shirley are few and unimportant; but the more room would thus have been allowed for the discussion of his merits and peculiarities. Mr. Gifford would have settled the poet's place among his contemporaries, and (with some trifling deduction on the score already mentioned) would have told us in what relation he stood to Shakespeare, Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, or Chapman. The introduction of this last name brings to mind the fact, that of the two-and-thirty tragedies, comedies, and trag-comedies (besides masques and entertainments), included in the six volumes, two of them, the *Ball* and *Chabot*,* were written by Shirley, as Mr. Dyce supposes, in conjunction with Chapman. It is one of the just and acute observations of Mr. Gifford, in (we think) his Ben Jonson, that because the names of two authors stand together upon an old title-page, it does not at all follow that they were engaged on the same play at the same time. The position may be illustrated by reference to the *Ball*. Mr. Gifford, in his brief introduction to the comedy, gives it as his opinion, that "a largest portion was written by Chapman," a notion from which Mr. Dyce, in his account of Shirley, dissent; but there is little doubt that

* We may take this opportunity of observing, in reference to this tragedy, the notes to which are nearly all furnished by Mr. Dyce, that he has, in general, successfully imitated Mr. Gifford in the brevity and pertinence of his notes: we should not have complained, perhaps, had he been somewhat more original. In vol. i. p. 132, he has copied one of his longest notes, without the slightest acknowledgement, from Mr. Collin's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 203, a work to which he has elsewhere been indebted. He is now and then needlessly minute, as where, in the memoir of Shirley, he tells us, three times in as many pages, that the general title of the octavo edition of Shirley's Six Plays is dated 1623. Had he been equally accurate in other places, he would have stated, that Kirkman's *Drolls*, in which extracts from Shirley are inserted, were printed, not in 1673, but in 1662; a mistake of eleven years. Nevertheless, Mr. Murray has reason to congratulate himself that he was able to find a successor to Mr. Gifford so competent to an undertaking of the kind.

Mr. Gifford is right, and that in his memoir, had he lived to write it, he would have assigned his reasons in some detail. More than a hint at those reasons is given in a note on the discrepancies in the performance, and confusion among the characters; and the fact, no doubt, was, that Chapman (who was seven years older than Shakespeare) had written a play on the subject many years before, which Shirley took up about 1632, and with his additions and alterations, as he alone was responsible, sent it to the licenser, in that year, in his sole name. When, however, it was printed, in 1639, he did justice to the memory of the old poet who had originally written the play, and had then been dead about five years. This supposition will fully explain the mistakes in the appellation of some of the characters. Chapman adopted one set of names, and Shirley another; but in making the change a few were omitted, and the errors were retained in print. The additions of Shirley were probably the very personalities of which Sir H. Herbert complained.

It is not difficult to shew how it happened that Shirley, who was born (as Mr. Dyce has for the first time established) in 1596, and died in 1666, was so abused by his immediate successors. Dryden twice couples him with Heywood in his *Mac-Flecknoe*; and Gould, as if to give him the last insult, calls him "the Durfey of his age." These are quoted by Mr. Dyce; but he has omitted the still graver and more deliberate attack of Rymer, in his *Tragedies of the Last Age*, and its repetition by Gildon in his *Miscellaneous Letters and Essays*. Shirley, as has been already stated, was the last of the old dramatists: many of his plays were revived after the Restoration, and some of them, such as the *Traitor*, the *School of Compliment*, the *Sisters*, and *Hyde Park*, for some years contested the palm with the heroic plays in rhyme, founded upon French models, which substituted false sentiment and empty noise for the dictates of natural feeling and the genuine language of pathos and passion. Pepys and Evelyn, in their *Diaries*, both bear witness to the distaste of the age of Charles II. for the plays of Shakespeare and our elder dramatists; and well therefore might it be said, in the prologue to the *School of Compliment*, when it was acted in 1667,

"In our old plays the humour, love, and passion, Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion: That which the world call'd wit in Shakespeare's age, Is laugh'd at as improper for our stage."

Hence the animosity of subsequent and rival dramatists to Shirley, who had more true humour, just reflection, purity of language, and real passion, in a single play, than could be culled out of all the heroic compositions of the Howards, the Orrerys, the Crownes, Settles, and Shadwells, and even out of the dramatic performances of this class by Dryden himself. We need not say that Shirley is not always equal—we should pay but a sorry compliment to his genius if we did; but putting our greatest dramatist out of the question, we would undertake to shew, were sufficient space allowed, that in delicacy and tenderness he is not below Fletcher; in humour, not inferior, in many instances, to Jonson; in imagination, that he exceeds Ford and Chapman; and that in force and energy of expression he is more than on a level with Massinger, whose strong-hold it has always been considered. Mr. Dyce has truly observed, that in his plots Shirley is more original, and drew more from his own invention, than any of his contemporaries.

We could not avoid saying thus much by way of introduction, and we have left compara-

tively little space for extracts; but from two-and-thirty plays,* besides smaller pieces, the reader will hardly expect specimens sufficiently lengthy or varied to enable him to form a just estimate of the author: for this purpose we can only refer him to the volumes themselves. Nevertheless we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of making a few characteristic quotations, observing, at the same time, that none of our old dramatists, not even Shakespeare himself, possesses greater variety of style, thought, and subject, than Shirley. Instead of wandering over the whole six volumes, we shall content ourselves, for the present, with selecting a few passages from one or two pieces of the greatest merit, and we will begin with the *Grateful Servant*, a very interesting and gracefully written play, which maintained its popularity after the Restoration. Leonora, disguised as Dulcino, a page, is employed by Foscari to carry a letter to Cleona, with whom he is in love.

"*Fosc.* Did she receive my letter with such joy?

"*Dulc.* I want expression, my lord, to give you The circumstance—what with a flowing love She entertain'd it: at your very name, For so I guess'd, to which her countious sight Made the first heat; and with such ardour set her heart Dance in her eyes; and as the wonder strove To make her pale, warm love did fortify Her cheek with guilty blushes: she did read And kiss the paper often, mingled questions, Some half propounded (as her soul had been Too narrow to receive what you had writ) She quite forgot."

Afterwards Foscari, (who had been abroad many years, and reported dead), learns that the Duke of Savoy has made proposals to Cleona; and Foscari, with disinterested heroism, resolves not to stand in the way of her advancement. He, therefore, again despatches Dulcino, to say that the letter first delivered was a forgery, and that Foscari was really no more.

"*Dulc.* You will repent

This welcome, madam.
Cleona. What harsh sound is that?
Thy looks upon a sudden are become Dismal, thy brow dull as Saturnus' issue;
Thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue Were to pronounce some funeral.

"*Dulc.* It is;

But let thy virtue place a guard about Your ear: it is too weak a fence to trust With a sad tale, that may dispense too soon The killing syllables, and some one or other Find out thy heart.

"*Cleona.* The mandrake hath no voice Like this: the ravens in the night-bits sing More softly, thinking in nature, to which fear Hath made us submittors; but speak gently Compard with thee: discharge thy fatal burden; I am prepar'd; or stay, but answer me, And I will save thee breath and quickly know The total of my sorrow.—Is Foscari Dead since I saw thee last? or hath some wound Or other dire misfortune, seal'd him for The grave? that though he yet live, I may bid My heart despair to see him?

"*Dulc.* Madam, I hope

I shall repair the ruins of your age When I declare the cause that leads me to This strange confession. I have observed The duke does love you—love you in that way You can deserve him; and though I have s'm'd, I am not stubborn in my fault, to suffer you In the belief of my deceitful story, To wrong your fortune by neglect of him, Can bring your merit such addition Of state and title.

"*Cleona.* Dost thou mock again?

"*Dulc.* Heaven knows I have no thought of such impiety.

"*Cleona.* If you will not believe that for your sake I have betray'd myself, yet be so charitable To think it something of my duty to The duke, whose ends, while they are just and noble, All loyal subjects ought to serve for him, Else may I never know one day of comfort: I durst not, without guilt of treason to His chaste desires, deceive you any longer.

* No single writer (says Mr. Dyce) among our early English dramatists, has bequeathed so many pieces to posterity—and then he proceeds to instance Heywood's twenty-three surviving productions. How singular it is that he should have forgotten Shakespeare's thirty-six plays!

Collect yourself, dear madam: in the grave There dwells no music: in the duke's embrace You meet'st a perfect happiness."

It increases the interest of this scene, if we reflect that Dulcino (*i. e.* Leonora) is in love with the duke herself, and that she is here pleading, like Viola, against herself. The reader, we are sure, will do justice to the simple force and unconstrained energy of the poet's expressions. The *Traitor* is a noble performance; but as it has been employed in a modern tragedy (Shiel's *Evadne*), we prefer making another quotation or two from the *Cardinal*, which Mr. Dyce observes (as, indeed, had been remarked some years ago by writers in the *Critical Review* and in the *London Magazine*) bears some resemblance to Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. The *Cardinal*, backed by the authority of the King of Navarre, wished to obtain the hand of the young duchess Rosaura for his nephew Columbo, a young and victorious soldier; but she has set her affections upon her secretary Alvarez. What follows is part of an interview between the duchess and Alvarez.

"*Alv.* I am not ignorant your birth and greatness Have plac'd you to grow up with the king's grace And jealousy, which can remove his power Hatch a plot, fit object for your beauty To shine upon—Columbo his great favourite. I am a man on whom but late the king Hath plead's to cast a beam, which was not meant To make me proud, but wisely to direct And light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam, I will not call more witness to my love (If you will let me still give it that name) Than this—that I dare make myself a loser, And to your will give all my blessings up. Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle That shall at best, when you have drawn me up, But hang about you like a cloud, and dim The glories you were born to.

"*Duch.* Misery

Of birth and state! That I could shift into A meaner blood, or find some art to purge That part which makes my veins unequal! yet Those nice distinctions have no place in us; There's but a shadow difference—a title. Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap As that which feeds the root of kings."

This is the poet whom such an impudent excrescence in literature as Robert Gould could call "the very Durfey of his age!" The subsequent extract is from a long scene between the ambitious cardinal and the duchess, the whole of which is written in a noble strain of tragic power and dignity.

"*Card.* I'll have you chid into a blush for this. *Duch.* Begin at home, great man; there's cause enough.

You turn the wrong end of the perspective Upon your crimes, to drive them to afar And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right, What giants would your pride and surfeit seem! How gross your avarice, eating up whole families! How vast are your corruptions and abuse Of king's ear! at which you hang a pendant, Not to adorn but ulcerate, while the honest Nobility, like pictures in the arms, Serve only for court ornament. If they speak, 'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up Like clickes, to strike at us the hour you please. Look, howe, my lord, these usurpations, And be what you were meant—a man to cure, Not let in ages to religion:

Look on the church's wounds.

Card. You dare presume,

In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church? *Duch.* Alas! you give false sim, my lord; 'tis your Ambition and scarlet sin that rob Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds Upon her brow; which fetches grief and paleness Into her cheeks, making her troubled bosom Pant, with her groans, and shroud her holy blushes Within your reverend purples.

Card. Will you now take breath?

Duch. In hope, my lord, you will behold yourself In a true glass, and see those unjust acts That do deform you, and by timly cure Prevent a shame, before the short-hair'd men Do crowd and call for justice."

We can assure our readers that Shirley, however libelled and neglected, is full of passages and scenes quite as fine as anything we have cited; and in his comedies there is often such a judicious mixture of the grave and the ludicrous, as makes them, not as in Dryden's

Spanish Friar and many other pieces, spoil each other, but set off each other by agreeable and inoffensive contrast. In conclusion, we may add, as a trifle to the biographical notice of Shirley, that there is reason to believe that one of his sons became an actor after the Restoration, and was a member of the king's company when they began their performances at Drury Lane, in 1663. Another son, as Mr. Dyce states, was butler to Gray's Inn. We shall perhaps return to the works of this admirable author.

The Death-bed of Politics; or, the Coming of the Comet in Seven Days. With humorous Etchings. A Vision. By a Planet-struck Poet. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1833. Ridgway. This is a very fanciful *jeu d'esprit*, in which the Reform is personified by the Comet of Biela, and its coming and effects painted with much whim and humour. The etchings are worthy of the text, and with the exception of some rather worn-out common-places towards the end, about the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, &c. we can altogether commend this playful effusion as one of the cleverest and most original of its class which has issued from the press for a long while. The preface is full of sportive satire, and the verse itself well chosen for the comic and ironical; of which we subjoin a few examples. It opens thus:—

"Ye Christians all, and Pagans too, and followers of Mahomet, etc. etc. It equally concerns you all to hear about a comet, That's blazing in the sky, And it's coming by and by, And it's quite out of the question, to think of getting from it!"

You must know I dream dreams,—as many other people do. What's more, I've just been having one,—but, then, what's that?"

Why—to serve you as a warning, For it happened in the morning, So of course you may be sure that it will all come true.

Methought 'twas like what things we think!—methought 'twas very true.

Whereas, in point of fact, you know, it really is not,— But it was, if you remember,

About the middle of September, And 'twas then the comet first was spied, as you may not have forgot.

Methought,—methinks, for poetry, there's nothing like "methought!"

I'm sure 'twas made on purpose,—nor, I fancy, is there aught.

So adorns one's composition As an artful repetition:—

But, perhaps, you'd like to know the school in which I have been taught?

I studied under Bayly first—the famous Thomas Haynes—And, under that consummate master, took such constant pains,

That I now acquired the art of him,

And at last so got the start of him, As to beat him altogether, both at "honeymoons" and "matines."

Papa and ma, delighted at my getting on so well, Were good enough to send me, for a year, to L. E. L.

Where a "Keepsake" being bought me, All the new effects were taught me,

Besides some useful secrets, which I promised not to tell, One only that I feel myself at liberty to name,

Was—always make the leading words of every verse the same.

I got so good at this, That I wrote a little piece

Of four-and-twenty stanzas, and they each began "She came!"

In this conjugating style I also proved a great adept, The next piece published was "She's gone!" soon after which came "He toot!"

Till then number, tense, and person, I'd a separate piece of verse on,

"She sighed!" produced "We laughed!"—"He toot!" was followed by "They slept!"

But, to return from this digression:—

Methought the head had now derived considerable accession.

Which astonished us the more, Since the day was nearly o'er,

And we all had hoped, when evening came, to escape

Now sitting at the parlour window, after having dined, And naturally being of a reflecting turn of mind, Thinks I,—what is the reason Of this extraordinary season? Sure something more than common must be stirring in the wind. So with that, I threw the window up, and began to look about, And there, good heavens! to be sure, I found it all out; A queer thing in the sky Very soon caught my eye, And oh! it was the comet, sir, there could not be a doubt!"

The comet becomes more portentous.

"Methought 'twas now the second day, and you might see all eyes

Turned eagerly towards the east, to see the comet rise: But oh! the sudden change,

As terrible as strange! Bright as a rocket now it rose, five times its former size!

Now the tail was seen above, and might be three times as long,

So it struck me,—for I love to have some figures in my song.—

As it seemed to the creation

A huge mark of admiration!

And aptly seemed to indicate that things were going wrong.

Folks now began to think themselves in an awkward situation,

For this comet, it was evident to men of observation,

Was coming like a shot to us,

To do I don't know what to us!

A thought, you may be sure, which caused no little consternation.

Though we looked up, the funds looked down, so great a panic grew,

And as for prices, they, alas! which way to look scarce knew!

Nor could consols bear that sight,

But immediately took fright,

They hung their tender heads in grief—and closed at 82!

Yet, thanks to this phenomenon, the press proceeded gaily;

Some thirty-two new magazines were forthwith published daily;

We'd the "Halfpenny Astronomer"—

But I have not time to run 'em o'er,

If you'd wish to see the editors, they're all in the Old Bailey."

Parliament is assembled, and the commencement of its labours pleasantly described.

"One rather curious fact it will be proper here to state:—

So great had been the royal hurry, and the royal fears so great,

That,—the servants of the crown

Having all gone out of town,

The king had writ the speech himself, for fear of being late!

The urgent nature of the case, thinks he, "this course compels;"

But the ministers, while some were shooting, some were picking holes,

So they came down to the House,

From their pleasures and their grouse,

Knowing nothing more about the speech than any body else!

Now, when the head was in the crown, and the chancellor in his station,

And things, and men, and all, at last, in their proper

Then the king, who rather trembled

To see them all assembled,

Delivered himself as follows, not without much agitation:

"My lords, this is not time, I think, for metaphors or flowers,—

You know as well, now, what I mean, as if I talked for hours!

When we're all at death's door,

What matters any more?

The friendliest assurances from all foreign powers?

The comet then's the only question now to be discussed,

Which my ministers will, therefore, use their best means to adjust;

With them and you it lies

Such measures to devise

As will save the country, and restore tranquillity, I trust."

'Twas then that Grey he looked at Brougham—and

Brougham he looked at Grey, [say;

For neither, for the life of him, could think of what to

But as, luckily, 'twas late,

So they put off the debate,

And in spite of the said comet, they adjourned till next day."

The debates and political measures are reported in a similar vein: for instance, Mr. Hume, &c. &c.

"Then came Joe, with his accounts in hand;—the minister he scolded

For sums laid out in telescopes, and carefully unfolded

How much the comet cost us,

And exactly what it was t'us;

First he shewed us what each item made, then reckoned

what the whole did.

But vainly should I hope to give a tithe of their debating, Which each succeeding hour there seemed less chance of terminating;

To one source of confusion,

Which, however, as a striking fact, I think deserves relating.

'Twas when members first were canvassing that Biela was

discovered,

Now the new electors judging comets could not be

adjourned,

Such effect had this, I find,

Influencing their mind,

That no less than twelve astronomers had duly been

returned.

These gentlemen, methought, although extremely sci-

entific,

Having pledged themselves to make a stir, were apt to be

prolific;

And what made it worse, you see,

They could none of them agree,

And the tendency of their disputes was not the most

peaceful.

And now high words had soon, I ween, to fiercest discord

grown,

But that the comet's dreadful noise, o'erpowering e'en

their own,

So drowned each speaker's voice,

That it left to them no choice,

And finding all their efforts vain,—why let the thing alone.

The fifth day came, and all the world was up again betimes,

But what they saw—oh, heavens! it is too mighty for these rhymes!

Suffice it then to say,

They turned their heads away,

And those, who had any consciences, bethought them of their crimes."

The speaker furnishes speaking-trumpets for 500, that they may be heard through the thunder; but, for the sequel, see the poem itself and its notes.

Wanderings by the Loire. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. author of the "Picturesque Annual,"

"Romance of French History," &c. With twenty-one Engravings, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. 8vo. pp. 256.

London, 1833. Longman and Co.

MR. RITCHIE has been a very happy man; what he is at present we know not, though he has our best wishes, if it were only out of gratitude; but some months of that poor dear departed, the last year, he must have passed very pleasantly, or he never could have made them so pleasant in the recital. To repeat nothing of the beauties of this volume—its pictorial loveliness, its superb costume of purple and gold—but only, to borrow a phrase from the old essayists, to speak of "the beauties of the mind," these pages, unassisted by external decorations, form a very agreeable book of travels. We prefer it infinitely, in a literary point of view, to its predecessor; the "German ground has been so often described—we are weary of people telling what Rogers called the inventory of the Rhine; but the banks of the Loire have hitherto been nearly as little travelled as those of the Nile: and with description, anecdote, legend, and tale, Mr. Ritchie carries us on to the end of the journey, in that state of luxury so well described as fireside travelling. From such a work, our extracts must necessarily be miscellaneous; and if they should be so unfortunate as not to please our readers, we can assure them that great variety remains untouched by us.

Defense of French politeness.—"The root of French politeness is vanity; but it is politeness for all that. Every one has a higher opinion of himself than his station in society warrants, and endeavours to secure indulgence for his own foible by treating tenderly that of others. The English in France, for want of understanding this peculiarity, think the French mean; and if their consequent rudeness is repelled in a proper manner

claim bitterly against the union exhibited of servility and insolence! When two beggars, on meeting, pull off their hats, and inquire ceremoniously after the health of one another's madame, the English laugh. They remember that they were addressed by them but a minute before, with ' Do give a half-penny to a poor devil !' and cannot conceive how people in such circumstances should think of ceremony. It is precisely because they are poor devils that they are polite. It is their only pride—their solitary consolation amidst the scoffs and buffets of this bitter world. God help them ! A man who would laugh at their grimaces, except in ignorance, would rob a church. The bondage of the house-servants in France has no degradation in it. They cannot understand the absurd and insolent hauteur of English masters and mistresses : they feel that, although servants, they are men and women, like their betters ; or rather they have no betters, except in the accidental circumstance of situation. A girl may be seen walking side by side, and sometimes arm in arm, with her mistress along the street, and the familiarity engenders no contempt ; while among the spectators there cannot be any doubt as to the relative rank of the parties, the maid confining herself scrupulously to the dress of her caste. In her application for the employment, the servant shews clearly the footing on which she wishes to engage. She does not advertise, ' Wants a place, a young woman, to do for a family ; ' but, ' Mademoiselle Julie, who understands plain cookery, is ambitious of undertaking the situation of servant of all work ; ' or, ' A demoiselle, of a reasonable age and of the highest respectability, has the honour of proposing to manage the kitchen department.'

Orléans.—"Pignol tells us that it is said proverbially, that ' la glose d'Orléans est pire que le texte,' which means, according to his solution, that the Orléanais have the gift of railing, inasmuch as such people are accustomed to add notes, as it were, to their facts, till the text is lost in the commentary. This, it must be allowed, is sufficiently far-fetched ; but it scarcely equals in pleasantry the mode which a poet has taken of accounting for the number of hunchbacks which are seen in Orléans. This deformity, it seems, was unknown till the people complained to Fate of the hills and hillocks with which their country was at that time afflicted.

" Oh ! oh ! leur répartit le Sort,
Vous faites les mutins, et dans toutes les Gaules
Je ne vois que vous seuls qui des monts vous plaignez ;
Puis donc qu'ils nient à vos pleins,
Vous les surz sur vos épaulés !"

French Dentist.—" His equipage was not an uncommon one in France for this class of artists. He drove into the middle of the press in a handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery behind, alternately blowing a trumpet, beating a drum, and exclaiming, ' Room for the celebrated doctor ! ' The horse was then dismissed, the carriage converted at once into a stage and a shop, and the great man commenced his harangue. He expatiated on the grandeur and importance of the art of tooth-drawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renowned throughout all Europe—on the infatuation of those unhappy beings who delayed even for a single instant to take advantage of an opportunity thus offered to them by Providence. He flourished his iron instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aaron : he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and struggling sinfully, not only against his word, but in spite of their own teeth. ' Alas ! my friends,' said he, ' when I

shall have turned my back, you will repent in dust and ashes ; but repentance will then be too late. You fancy you have not the tooth-ach ! Poor creatures ! my bosom bleeds for you ! In your culpable ignorance you believe that no one is unwell who is not in an agony of pain. You imagine that pain is the disease, whereas it is only one of the symptoms ; and yet I see by the faces of many of you—I may say of most of you—that you have not only the tooth-ach, but the symptomatic twinges. This is the case with you, and you, and you, and more than you. Tell me, am I not correct ? Only think of your gums ! Do you not feel a sensation of tickling, as it were, at the root of your teeth, or of coldness at the top, as if the air was already penetrating through the breaches of time or disease ? This is the tooth-ach. This sensation will increase, till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will inquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear : then you will intrust the operation to some miserable quack, who will break your jaws in pieces ; or, if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever—fever will bring on madness—and madness terminate in death ! His eloquence was irresistible : in ten minutes every soul of us had the tooth-ach. Several sufferers rushed forward at the same instant to crave relief. One of them, a fine-looking young fellow, gained the race ; but not till he had broken from the arms of a peasant girl, who, having either less faith or more philosophy, implored him to consider, in the first place, whether he had really the tooth-ach. Grimly smiled the doctor when the head of the patient was fairly between his knees ; and ruefully did the latter gaze up from the helpless position into his executioner's face. We all looked with open mouths and in dead silence upon the scene, all except the young girl, who, with averted head, awaited, pale, trembling, and in tears, the event. The doctor examined the unfortunate mouth, and adjusted his instrument to the tooth which it was his pleasure to extract. The crowd set their teeth, grinned horribly, and awaited the wrench ; but the operator, withdrawing his hand, recommenced the lecture with greaterunction than ever. A second time was this unmerciful reprise granted, and then a third time, and the condemned groaned aloud. We could stand no more : we were already in a paroxysm of the tooth-ach ; and feeling a strange fascination creeping over us as we looked upon the glittering steel, we fairly took to our heels, and fled from the spot."

The Fête Dieu.—" The spectators were almost entirely women ; and, indeed, the little religion that remains in the country is confined exclusively to this sex. Their imaginations are more easily impressible than ours, their faith purer and more confiding ; and thus the grand and touching ceremonies of the Catholic church, while they excite the sneers of a man, set the heart of a woman beating with devotion, which, in her, is neither a sentiment nor a principle, but a passion. The chancel was covered with a rich carpet, and thickly strewn with roses, which filled the atmosphere with a delicious perfume ; numerous ranks of priests knelt within in profound silence ; the lay actors in the pageant had already assumed their stations ; and at a signal from the archbishop, a hymn burst suddenly from the lips of the ministering servants of the altar, a blast of the trumpet shook the dome, the awful swell of the organ rose wildly in the air, and the array began to move. First appeared the banner of the church of Tours, borne by two

priests, inscribed on one side ' Sancte Gatiene, ora pro nobis ! ' and on the other, ' Sancte Martine, ora pro nobis ! ' and by a beautiful and touching contrivance, worthy of a purer worship, the orphan girls of the Congregation of Providence came next. They were dressed in a coarse stuff gown, of a reddish purple colour, with a white handkerchief drawn round the neck and crossed upon the bosom, and a coarse white muslin cap and veil. Some were pretty, but all interesting from the exquisite simplicity of their appearance. Then came the young girls of the city who had taken their first communion at the Fête Dieu, all dressed alike, as sisters in God, in a white dress and veil, but all exhibiting, in the costliness or poverty of the materials, the difference in their worldly circumstances. The pensionnaires of the nuns of Saint Ursula were next ; then those of the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration of the Holy Sacrament ; and after these, the Congregation of the Ladies of the Trinity, and the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. All these young ladies wore white muslin dresses, with richly embroidered caps and veils of the same colour ; but the different congregations were identified by little distinctions, such as pale pink shoes instead of white kid, a chaplet of white flowers wreathed round the brow, or a light blue ribbon inserted in the plait of the cap or gown. The most interesting individual of the whole was an infant of about three years of age, dressed like the others, and tripping along as solemnly as any beauty of nineteen among them. Her appearance drew forth the expression of that national feeling of affection for children which makes a Frenchwoman appear so amiable and delightful. Every heart seemed, in the common phrase, to warm towards the little devotee ; every face brightened into a smile of love and encouragement as she passed ; some made signs to her ; all were anxious to touch her, to pat her shoulder, to kiss her hand. Then came the boys of the different congregations of charity or education, offering a striking contrast, by their saucy, sunny looks, and careless or rebellious air and demeanour, to their grave, demure, modest, pale, and pretty sisters. A troop of priests succeeded, dressed in black robes hung with white muslin ; and a still more numerous one, in crimson velvet and cloth of gold. These were followed by the great silver crucifix and the various archiepiscopal insignia, such as the crook, the mitre, &c. ; and at length four priests appeared, turning round ever and anon, to walk backwards before the incarnate Deity, and fling up their censers, which emitted a thick smoke, and enriched the air with perfume. The dais underneath which the archbishop walked, carrying the divine body in his hand, in a silver shrine, was a square canopy of purple velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold. As it passed, the spectators sunk upon their knees, as if struck by a sudden enchantment. Some clasped their hands—some smote their bosoms—some touched the pavement with their brow. Young mothers rushed into the ranks of the procession, and laid down their first-born before the dais, that the blood of the Lamb of God might roll over their little ones, and wash away the taint of sin and misery which they had received even in the womb. So vast was this procession, that notwithstanding the magnitude of the church, the two ends met ; and one looking down upon the scene must have imagined it to be some mystic dance circling round the temple."

Custom-house homage to the fine arts.—" It was comparatively an easy matter to get

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into Tours: the difficulty was, to get out of it. In almost all the provincial towns of France, the ignorance and stupidity of the police and other functionaries are very remarkable. Most of them appear even to write with difficulty; and if a question arises requiring the slightest exertion of their own judgment or common sense, they are all at sea. At Tours they refused, for a long time, to *visez* our passport for Nantes, because it was not the original English document, although it bore distinctly the declaration of the prefect of police, that ' it was to stand in the place of the English one, which had not arrived from Calais.' This, however, was the objection of the sous-chefs, and was overruled by the mayor; but he, on his part, was anxious to know what possible business we could have in the seat of rebellion. It was in vain to say that the authorities at Paris would have *visez* the passport at once for Nantes, if we had desired it: he, the mayor, ' did not know us — we were a stranger in the country, and journeying without apparent object to the centre of disaffection.' In this difficulty the Arts came to our relief. We had fortunately in our possession a few of the beautiful engravings of this volume, and a copy of the ' Picturesque Annual' for last year. The mayor's heart opened as he gazed. ' Aha ! said he ; ' that is another thing. They are superb ! You English are a very strange people—a very extraordinary people ! But come, since I perceive that you are *only* a *Walter Scott*, why you must go where you please ! '

There are some interesting tales scattered throughout the work, founded on ancient traditions: these we leave in consequence of their length, and content ourselves with a cordial recommendation of the whole to our readers. The volume is just the ideal of modern wanderers, travelling surrounded with every species of luxury.

Surtees' Twenty Years in the Rifle Brigade.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

Our author in the following extract appears under a different form from that in which our former notice referred to him—his merits had procured him the quarter-mastership of one of the battalions of the Rifle Brigade; and we sincerely declare that we have never perused a more powerful or minutely accurate description of the fall and sack of Badajos.

" I was then in the mess of the senior captain of my battalion, who commanded it on this occasion; and my other messmates were poor little Croudace and Cary, both lieutenants, the latter acting adjutant, and another. We had taken a farewell glass before we got up from dinner, not knowing which of them would survive the bloody fray that was likely soon to commence. Poor Croudace, a native of the county of Durham, and consequently a near countryman, put into my hand a small leather purse, containing half a doulloon, and requested me to take care of it for him, as he did not know whose fate it might be to fall or to survive. I took it according to his wish, and put it into my pocket, and, after little more conversation, and another glass, for the poor little fellow liked his wine, we parted, and they moved off. Although I had thus, as it were, settled in my mind that I would not go with them on this occasion, for my services could have been of but very little utility, yet, when they went away, I felt as if I was left desolate as it were, and was quite uneasy at parting from my beloved comrades, whom I had always accompanied hitherto. I therefore slung over my back my haversack, containing my pistol

and a few other things, and moved forward, to try if I could find them; but falling in with some of my friends, staff-officers of the 43d, who were in the same brigade, they strongly dissuaded me from it, representing to me the folly of uselessly exposing myself, and the little service I could render there; and one of them requested me to accompany him to hill immediately in front of the breaches, where we could see the business as it proceeded. We waited till about ten o'clock, when the fire first commenced from the castle upon the 3d division, as they approached it; but the fire from thence did not appear very heavy. Not long after, it opened out at the breaches, and was most awfully severe; indeed it was so heavy and so incessant, that it appeared like one continued sheet of fire along the ramparts near the breaches, and we could distinctly see the faces of the French troops, although the distance was near a mile. All sorts of arms, &c. were playing at once, guns, mortars, musketry, grenades, and shells thrown from the walls, while every few minutes explosions from mines were taking place. The firing too appeared to have such a strange death-like sound, quite different from all I had ever heard before. This was occasioned by the muzzles being pointed downwards into the ditch, which gave the report an unusual and appalling effect. This continued without a moment's cessation, or without any apparent advantage being gained by our struggling but awfully circumstanced comrades. Lord Wellington had also taken his stand upon this hill, and appeared quite uneasy at the troops seeming to make no progress, and often asked, or rather repeated to himself, ' What can be the matter ? ' The enemy had adopted an excellent plan to ascertain where our columns were posted; they threw an immense number of light balls on all sides of the town, and when they found out where there was a large body, a rocket was fired in the direction of where it stood, and instantly every gun, mortar, and howitzer, not previously engaged, was turned in that direction, and grievous was the destruction their shot made in the ranks of these columns. Still, our people at the breaches did not get forward, although we distinctly heard, with emotion, the bugles of our division sounding the advance. His lordship seemed now to lose all patience, and aides-de-camp were sent to ascertain the cause of the delay. They flew like lightning, while the whole rampart round the town seemed enveloped in one flame of fire. Our brave but unsuccessful comrades were heard cheering every now and then; but still the fire at the breaches did not slacken. At length a despatch arrived from General Picton, stating that he had established himself in the castle. This was cheering news to his lordship, who expressed very strongly the gratitude he felt for that gallant general. During the reading of the despatch, which was done by torchlight, the enemy, perceiving the light, and that a number of people had assembled on the hill, directed a shell in that direction; but it fell short, and did us no injury. His lordship now rode off, and ordered our people at the breaches to retire, as the town was now perfectly secure. I also set off to inform my people of the happy circumstance. I found them drawn off from the glacis a few hundred yards; but, oh ! what a difference in their appearance now from what they were previous to the attack ! The whole division scarcely mustered at this time 2000 men; so many had been killed and wounded, and many had been sent to the rear with the latter. I informed them that General Picton had got possession of the

castle, but my story appeared to them an incredible tale; for it was actually impossible, they thought; and although they made me repeat it over and over again, they could scarcely bring their minds to credit such unexpected news. It was now dawn of day, and the firing had ceased at every point. Here I learnt the fate of my two beloved friends and messmates: Croudace had been shot through the body, and carried to the rear; Cary had fallen, but they could not tell what had become of him. I now went forward towards the breaches, where I found that several men of both the 4th and light divisions had remained; and when General Picton moved from the castle towards that point, which I believe he stated in his despatch to be his intention, the enemy, finding themselves attacked in rear, began to abandon the defence of the breaches, and our people were then enabled to enter. Never did I witness any thing like the artificial impediments which the enemy had here thrown up, which, added to the natural ones, that is, to the breaches not having been so perfectly practicable as was desirable, rendered it next to impossible to enter, even after all opposition on their part had ceased. In one breach (the large one) this was literally the case; for at the top of it was fixed a chevaux-de-frise, extending the whole width of the breach, and composed of a strong beam of wood, with sharp-pointed sword-blades fixed in every direction, they being generally about three quarters of a yard long, and so closely set together, that it was impossible either to leap over them or penetrate between them; and the whole so firmly fixed to the works at the top, that it could not be moved. In addition, they had fitted a number of long and thick planks with spikes about an inch or more in length, and laid them all down the breach, but fixed at the top, so that it was impossible for any one to get up without falling on these. Beyond the chevaux-de-frise several ditches had been cut, into which those must have fallen who surmounted the obstacles on the breach; but I believe none did, although I saw one Portuguese lying dead upon the ramparts; but I imagine he must either have been thrown up there by some explosion, or been one of those of the 3d division who came from the castle. In addition to all the above, from the covered way down into the ditch was, I should imagine, at least thirty feet; our people had descended by ladders, and, I doubt not, in the dark, and, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, many were thrown down and killed. In the middle of the large ditch a smaller one had been cut, which was filled with water, and in which, added to the inundation close to the right of the breaches, (which had been caused by bringing the river partly into the ditch,) numbers were drowned. Small mines had been constructed all along in the ditch, which were exploded when it was filled with people, and which produced infinite mischief. On the top of the ramparts the enemy had a considerable number of shells of the largest size, ready filled and fused; and when our people had filled the ditch below, these were lighted and thrown over on their heads, each shell being capable of destroying from twelve to twenty men or more. They had beams of wood also laid on the ramparts, with old carriage-wheels, and every sort of missile imaginable, which were poured upon the unfortunate people below. When these things are taken into consideration, added to the incessant and destructive fire of from 3000 to 4000 men, all emulous to do their duty, at the short distance of perhaps twenty yards, with the ditch

as full as it could possibly stow, the reader will be able to form some idea of the destruction that must naturally ensue: and awful indeed it was, for, within the space of less than an acre of ground, I should imagine not less than from 1200 to 1500 men were lying: it was a heart-rending sight. I learnt afterwards that many were the desperate efforts that had been made to ascend the breaches, but all in vain; that many had nearly reached the top, but they being either shot or blown up, the others were forced down again. Another and another trial still was made, but each succeeding party shared the fate of their predecessors. At last the bottoms of the breaches were nearly blocked up with the bodies of those who fell. By this time, General Phillippon, the French governor, had surrendered. When he found the 3d division had got possession of the castle, and were preparing to move down to second the attack of the breaches by taking the enemy in rear, and that General Walker, with a part of the 5th division, had descended, and established themselves at the other end of the town, he deemed further resistance useless, and retired, with the garrison, to St. Cristoval, on the opposite side of the river; and shortly after the whole surrendered prisoners of war, the troops, after being stripped of their arms and accoutrements, being marched along in the ditch to one of the gates, from whence they were escorted on their way to Elvas. They passed near the breaches while I was there, and I had a full view of them as they moved along. I thought they seemed under great apprehension for their safety, as they appeared quite downcast and dejected, which is not generally the case with French prisoners, who will shrug their shoulders, and tell you it is the fortune of war; but these poor fellows, who certainly had made noble defence, seemed low-spirited and timid to a degree. Certainly by the rules of war, I believe, they might have been put to death, for having stood an assault of the place; but a British general does not resort to the same measures which their Marshal Suchet did at Tarragona, when he put all, both soldiers and inhabitants, to the sword. Soon after daylight, the remaining men of attacking divisions began to rush into the town, in hopes of sharing, with those who had already entered, the plunder they imagined it would afford; and though every thing was done by Colonel Barnard, aided by the other officers, to keep out those of the light division, it was useless, although he even risked his life to prevent their entering. He had bravely, during the attack, repeatedly ascended the breach, in hopes of overcoming the obstacles which presented themselves, but he had always been driven back, although he escaped unhurt where all was death around him; and now his life nearly fell a sacrifice, in endeavouring to restore that discipline in his division which this unfortunate and unsuccessful assault had considerably impaired. He opposed his personal and bodily strength to the entrance of the plunderers, but in vain. They rushed in, in spite of all opposition; and in wrenching a musket from one of the soldiers of the 52d, who was forcing past him, he fell, and was nigh precipitated into the ditch. He, however, finding resistance here in vain, set off, accompanied by several other officers, into the town, to endeavour to restrain, as much as lay in his power, the licentiousness of those inside, whose bad passions, it was but too evident, would be let loose upon the defenceless inhabitants. I had been in company with Captain Percival, my commanding-officer before alluded to, from

the time of my first coming down to the division before daylight; and now he and I, hearing the heart-piercing and afflicting groans which arose from the numbers of wounded still lying in the ditch, set to work to get as many of these poor fellows removed as was in our power. This we found a most arduous and difficult undertaking, as we could not do it without the aid of a considerable number of men; and it was a work of danger to attempt to force the now lawless soldiers to obey, and stop with us till this work of necessity and humanity was accomplished. All thought of what they owed their wounded comrades, and of the probability that ere long a similar fate might be their own, was swallowed up in their abominable rage for drink and plunder: however, by perseverance, and by occasionally using his stick, my commandant at length compelled a few fellows to lend their assistance in removing what we could into the town, where it was intended that hospitals should be established. But this was a most heart-rending duty: for, from the innumerable cries of,—"Oh! for God's sake come and remove me!" it was difficult to select the most proper objects for such care. Those who appeared likely to die, of course it would have been but cruelty to put to the pain of a removal; and many who, from the nature of their wounds, required great care and attention in carrying them, the half-drunken brutes whom we were forced to employ exceedingly tortured and injured; nay, in carrying one man out of the ditch they very frequently kicked or trod upon several others, whom to touch was like death to them, and which produced the most agonising cries imaginable. I remember at this time Colonel (the late Sir Neil) Campbell passed out at the breach, and, as he had formerly been a captain in our regiment, many of the poor fellows who lay there knew him, and beseeched him in the most piteous manner to have them removed. He came to me, and urged upon me in the strongest manner to use every exertion to get the poor fellows away. This evinced he had a feeling heart; but he was not probably aware, that for that very purpose both my commanding officer and myself had been labouring for hours; but it soon began to grow excessively hot, and with the toil and the heat of the sun, and the very unpleasant effluvia which now arose from the numerous dead and wounded, we were both compelled, about mid-day, to desist from our distressing though gratifying labours. It was now between twelve and one o'clock, and though we had a great many removed, a much greater number lay groaning in the ditch; but our strength was exhausted, for he was lame, and unable to move much, and I had been obliged to assist in carrying many myself, the drunken scoundrels whom we had pressed into the service seldom making more than one or two trips till they deserted us. But my lamented friend and messmate, poor Cary, was still to search for; and, after a considerable time, he was found beneath one of the ladders by which they had descended into the ditch. He was shot through the head, and I doubt not received his death-wound on the ladder, from which in all probability he fell. He was stripped completely naked, save a flannel waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. I had him taken up and placed upon a shutter, (he still breathed a little, though quite insensible,) and carried him to the camp. A sergeant and some men, whom we had pressed to carry him, were so drunk that they let him fall from off their shoulders, and his body fell

with great force to the ground. I shuddered, but poor Cary, I believe, was past all feeling, or the fall would have greatly injured him. We laid him in bed in his tent, but it was not long ere my kind, esteemed, and lamented friend breathed his last. Poor Croudace had also died immediately after reaching the hospital, whither he had been carried when he was shot. Thus I lost two of my most particular and intimate acquaintances, from both of whom I had received many acts of kindness and friendship. They will long live in my memory. Cary was buried next day behind our tents, one of the officers (my other messmate) reading the funeral service. I cannot help adverting to some of the scenes which I witnessed in the ditch, while employed there as above noticed. One of the first strange sights that attracted our notice was soon after our arrival. An officer with yellow facings came out of the town with a frail fair one leaning on his arm, and carrying in her other hand a cage with a bird in it; and she tripped it over the bodies of the dead and dying with all the ease and indifference of a person moving in a ballroom,—no more concern being evinced by either of them, than if nothing extraordinary had occurred. It was really lamentable to see such an utter absence of all right feeling. Soon after this the men began to come out with their plunder. Some of them had dressed themselves in priests' or friars' garments,—some appeared in female dresses, as nuns, &c.; and, in short, all the whimsical and fantastical figures almost imaginable were to be seen coming reeling out of the town, for by this time they were nearly all drunk. I penetrated no farther into the town that day than to a house a little beyond the breach, where I had deposited the wounded; but I saw enough in this short trip to disgust me with the doings in Badajos at this time. I learnt that no house, church, or convent, was held sacred by the infuriated and now ungovernable soldiery; but that priests or nuns, and common people, all shared alike, and that any who shewed the least resistance were instantly sacrificed to their fury. They had a method of firing through the lock of any door that happened to be shut against them, which almost invariably had the effect of forcing it open; and such scenes were witnessed in the streets as baffle description. One man of our first battalion, I am told, had got a hogshead of brandy into the streets, and, getting his mess-tin, and filling it from the cask, and seating himself astride like Bacchus, swore that every person who came past should drink, be who he may. His commanding officer happened to take the tin and drink, for had he refused, it is not improbable the wretch would have shot him, for his rifle was loaded by his side, and the soldiers had by this time become quite past all control. Another, who had been fortunate enough to obtain a considerable quantity of doublets, put them in his haversack, and was making his way out of the town, but was induced, before he left it, to drink more than he could carry. He laid him down somewhere to take a nap, and awoke soon after without even his shoes, and not only were the doublets gone, but all his own necessaries also. In short, a thousand of the most tragico-comical spectacles that can possibly be imagined, might be witnessed in this devoted city. The officers did all they could to repress these outrages, but the soldiers were now so completely dispersed, that one quarter of them could not be found: and indeed the only benefit almost that the officers could render was, by each placing

himself in a house, which generally secured it from being broken open and plundered. The different camps of our army were for several days after, more like rag-fairs than military encampments, such quantities of wearing-apparel of all kinds were disposing of by one set of plunderers to the other. An English army is perhaps, generally speaking, under stricter discipline than any other in the world; but in proportion as they are held tight while they are in hand, if circumstances occur to give them liberty, I know of no army more difficult to restrain when once broke loose. A reason may perhaps be assigned for it in part. On such occasions as this siege, where they were long and much exposed to fatigue almost insupportable, to the most trying scenes of difficulty and danger, which were generally borne with cheerfulness and alacrity, they perhaps reasoned with themselves and one another in this manner,—that as they had borne so much and so patiently to get possession of the place, it was but fair that they should have some indulgence when their work and trials were crowned with success, especially as the armies of other powers make it a rule generally to give an assaulted fortress up to plunder. They had also become quite reckless of life from so long exposure to death; but an English army cannot plunder like the French. The latter keep themselves more sober, and look more to the solid and substantial benefit to be derived from it, while the former sacrifice every thing to drink; and when once in a state of intoxication, with all the bad passions set loose at the same time, I know not what they will hesitate to perpetrate."

Not the least pleasing portion of the book are those expressions of gratitude poured forth by this faithful servant of his country, on being permitted to retire on his full pay, and spend the short remainder of his active life with ease and comfort in his own native village; having, as he describes it in his own forcible as well as beautiful language, "the unspeakable privilege of being surrounded by many kind and dear relations, who vie with each other in their endeavours to render me comfortable and happy, and where I can in serenity watch the gradual approach of that enemy which my Saviour has overcome for me; and that when we shall have continued our appointed time in this vale of tears, I, as well as the reader of this narrative, shall be taken to Himself, to dwell with Him for ever."

Surtees died Oct. 28, 1830; and, responding to his pious wish for himself and readers, we dismiss him with — Peace to his manes!

The Spirit of the Age. By Chandos Leigh. 12mo. pp. 45.

THE little volume which contains the above-named poem is privately printed; but there are passages in it which strike us as being so worthy to be made public, that we shall not hesitate to give our readers a sample of them. The author is Mr. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, a gentleman whose published volumes have met with our sincere praise, and who, like the late Mr. Hope, and the present Mr. Beckford, cultivates literature out of pure love for it, giving an example we would gladly see more universally followed. His view of the "Age" is a poetical one: more favourable, we fear, than perfectly true.

"The moral atmosphere doth lighten now
As with a paradise-clearness; thus appear'd
The sky o'er Jordan's stream—a purple glow
Invested heaven and earth as Jesus near'd

That Prophet whom the Triune effluence cheer'd.
By man, unsocial bigotry may frown,
The bonds of brotherhood are more revered
Than in the olden times; is pride o'erthrown?
She quails, though on her head glitters the jewell'd
crown.

Life is a mystery; here we are placed
All on a level, wherefore vaunt the proud?
Have they the genuine form of truth embraced?
If not, in what do they excel the crowd?
Whom the thick-coming shades of error shroud?
Oh! not to such vain spirits is it given
To dissipate life's overhanging cloud!
Or to direct for man the way to heaven,
They have too much of earth's all vitiating leaven.
And strongly waxes now the word of God,
And very swiftly runneth through the world
Zeal, potent as the Seer's life-giving rod:
The banners of religion are unfurled.
Far, and Aherman from his throne is hurled.
Through culture's aid the naked rocks may smile,
Mantled in emerald green, with dew imperial'd;
The seeds of truth shall ripen in each aisle,
That now is rank with weeds of superstition vile."

A Compendious German Grammar; with a Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes, alphabetically arranged. By Adolphus Bernays, Professor of German in King's College. 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 166. Treuttel and Würtz.

WE are very glad to observe an increasing taste for the study of German spreading amongst our countrymen, and to find men like Professor Bernays devoting their time and ingenuity in smoothing the first advances towards the attainment of this difficult but noble language. We were much struck with the philosophical simplicity of the Grammar before us when it was originally published; but this second edition not only possesses the merit we then admired, but is even more clear and comprehensive. To those who are seeking acquaintance with the German language, as well as to such as have already made some proficiency in its cultivation, we recommend this little volume as a manual which they will do well to read again and again; assured that they will thereby gain information at once solid and concise concerning the nature and structure of the German language, and will find all its perplexing difficulties anticipated in no ordinary degree.

The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organisation. By the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute, &c. &c. With additional Descriptions, &c. by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and others. Part XXXIV. *Insecta, Part VII.* 8vo. London, 1832. Whittaker.

THIS Part of this admirable work concludes the entomological department. It contains some interesting details concerning the diseases of bees, and a number of very curious particulars relating to that gorgeous class the Lepidoptera, and their larvae, caterpillars. We have only to say, that the present number amply justifies the commendations which we have so frequently had occasion to award to its preceding brethren, now happily gathered into one family.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. TRAVELS IN CHILI.

M. GAY, of Draguignan, has just made a very interesting excursion into the Cordilleras of Chili—a country hitherto but little known to Europeans, and yet highly worthy of the attention of travellers and naturalists.

M. Gay embarked towards the end of 1828, and commenced his researches on the coasts of Brazil; he then visited the Argentine province, whence he proceeded to Chili. His first excursions in the environs of Valparaiso procured him a vast number of articles wholly un-

known, or extremely rare. St. Jago, the capital of the republic, where he resided for a year, enriched his collection in an extraordinary manner. In the course of this time he made 2,000 drawings of plants, insects, reptiles, and especially of fishes—a class which the late M. Cuvier had particularly recommended to his attention. He also dissected a number of insects, mollusca, &c.; lastly, he took a plan of the city, analysed some mineral waters, and obtained much statistical information.

After completing his labours at St. Jago, M. Gay made further excursions into other parts of the republic: he was particularly desirous of visiting the Upper Cordilleras; but this enterprise was attended with peculiar difficulties, and required great expenses. Happily, the Chilean government assisted him, and took an active part in his labours and researches: this protection enabled him to make important discoveries. Provided with instruments which the government had confided to him, he quitted the province of St. Jago for that of Colchagua.

San Fernando, the capital of that province, became, as it were, his head-quarters, whence he visited several remarkable places; and among others Taguatagua, a large and magnificent lake, possessing the singularity of floating islands, which are carried to the north or the south, according to the wind. M. Gay carefully examined the environs of the lake: he visited the ruins of several monuments of the ancient Promaneas; he saw Copecken Tiloco, and studied the manners of the Indians of that country; and then returned to San Fernando, to arrange his notes and collections.

Assisted by some persons, and with several guides, he penetrated into the vast labyrinth of the elevated region of the Cordilleras. On the way he visited the mineral waters of Cauquenes, so justly celebrated in Chili and even in Buenos Ayres and Peru; he then followed the river of Cachapal to its source, in order to lay down a detailed chart of its course and its tributary streams. After a fatiguing excursion of a fortnight, he returned to his head-quarters; and the result having proved extremely satisfactory, a second expedition to another part of the range was projected.

To protect the party from a band of robbers which infested the country, an escort of twenty-five men was given to M. Gay. In this manner he penetrated a second time into the Cordilleras, and ascended the river Jinquiricita, the astonishing rapidity of whose current made it impossible to cross it till he was near the source. At the end of twelve days, our traveller, with his little caravan, reached a volcano, which was the object of his journey, and in the environs of which he remained several weeks.

It was very interesting to see all the persons who accompanied him labouring for the advantage of natural history:—some hunted the guanacos, others the condors and other birds, some collected plants and insects. The zeal shewn by every one on this occasion produced an extraordinary result. A prodigious quantity of birds and of plants of those cold regions, so rarely visited by travellers, increased the already numerous collections; and the laying down of a map of the country completed this undertaking.

As the season was already far advanced, M. Gay was obliged to discontinue his excursions; but, not to lose any time, he resolved to visit the island of Juan Fernandez, to study its geology and natural history. The government had again the generosity to place a man-of-war at his disposal; and though his stay in the

island was not so long as he had desired, he collected a great number of valuable specimens. After that voyage M. Gay returned to France, where he arrived two months ago. He is now preparing for a second voyage; and hopes, under the auspices of the Chilean government, to visit the Archipelago of Chiloe, and to penetrate into Patagonia and the country of the Indians called the Puelches and Huiches, to which he will be conducted by the sons of the caciques who were in the capital of Chili at the time of his departure.

DISCOVERY OF IMPORTANT MINES IN CHILI.

The *Araucano*, an official journal, contains, in the Number of the 9th of June, 1832, the following document:—

"The Intendancy of Coquimbo-Serana, 7th of June, 1832, to the minister of the interior:—A wonderful discovery of silver ore has been made in the mountain chain of Topiapo, called Chanarcilla and Mole. It is affirmed that the veins are immense. Since the 22d of May, sixteen, more or less rich, have been discovered; and travellers who have been upon the spot make the number even fifty. The ore is of the purest quality, and experienced miners entertain not the smallest doubt of the richness of this discovery.

(Signed) "JOSE MARIA POONAVENTE." The same paper contains the following article, dated Coquimbo, June 1832.

"We have before us several letters from the most respectable persons of the province, who unanimously confirm the wonderful discovery which we have mentioned in a preceding No. The mine lies to the south of Topiapo; it extends about fifteen leagues in length, and ten in breadth; it touches the following places:—Chanarcilla, Ríatas Pan de Azucar, Paganales, and Mole. Chance led to the discovery by a woodcutter, who communicated his good fortune to one Godoi and Don Miguel Gallo: they resolved to keep the secret to themselves; but certain signs and traces, which they could not conceal, soon made the matter public. Four days after this, sixteen veins were already discovered—on the eighth day there were forty; and when the post left, fifty—not to mention the number of smaller veins, of which no notice was taken for the moment. A mass of ore, which was purchased by an Englishman for two hundred piastres, proved to be worth a thousand. Besides the prodigious quantity of the ore, it is extremely rich in quality: the intendancy has sent to the minister of the interior specimens from three different veins, the analysis of which proves what is here stated; and, as if it were not enough to give that distract a name by a single event of this kind, a discovery has been made of rich gold mines in the adjacent canton of Jancos: that hitherto uninhabited and desert mountain region is at this moment animated by the presence of above 3000 people."

There is no doubt that these important discoveries will have a great influence on the future political and commercial situation of the country. In one respect they have already been injurious—for the copper-mines are abandoned by the workmen.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

F. BAILY, Esq. V. P. in the chair.—Read observations of Biela's comet, by Sir J. Herschel; from which we make the following extract: "It was not," says Sir John, "till

about 8th sid. time, on the night of the 4-5th November, that the clouds were sufficiently dispersed from the comet's place to allow a view of it. Being then, however, at a much greater altitude than when seen the night before, it was proportionally brighter, and was, indeed, a very fine and brilliant object. The trace of a tail or branch in the same direction as previously observed, though extremely feeble, was now unequivocal, and the central point not to be overlooked. It had not, however, the appearance of a star, but seemed more analogous to the central point in some nebulae, such as that in Andromeda, which is probably only nebula much more condensed than the rest. The comet's diameter could not be estimated under 5'; and some degree of nebulosity was suspected even beyond that limit." From these observations, Sir John Herschel is of opinion that the approximate place of the comet must have been $\text{R} 10^h 15^m 34^s$; decl. $+7^{\circ} 36' 34''$. Interpolated from Henderson's *Ephemeris*, and computed from Damoiseau's *Elements*, it is $\text{R} 10^h 12^m 30^s$; decl. $+8^{\circ} 7'$.

A paper by Mr. Epps, the assistant secretary to the Society, was also read, entitled, "On a method of ascertaining the rate of chronometers, especially when a strict examination of their performances is required." For the purpose of obtaining the rate of a mean-time chronometer with the greatest accuracy, Mr. Epps recommends that the comparisons should be made directly with the transit clock, by the coincidence of beats. The transit clock, in almost every instance, beats seconds of sidereal time; and the ship or box chronometer, half seconds of mean solar time. The author illustrates this case, but the principle of the method, he observes, is the same, whatever be the beat of the time-keepers to be compared, provided the one be regulated on sidereal, and the other on mean solar time.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. AIKIN on the liquids used for artificial light, and the manufacture of lamps. The lecturer began this illustration with some observations on the manufacture of oils, animal and vegetable, and noticed the beautiful light produced from naphtha, a mineral oil, or fluid bitumen—or, less technically, coal-tar—the use of which is almost peculiar to Britain. Filaments of flax, cotton, or other fibrous substances, form the best medium for obtaining light with oil; though asbestos, amianthus, and platina wire, are sometimes used; so that the substance need not necessarily be filaceous, but solid, burning by capillary attraction. Oil lamps are of the greatest antiquity.—Moses speaks of them; but the ancient Greeks, according to Homer, were unacquainted with their use. The halls of Menelaus were lit by torches; and Penelope herself went to bed by torch-light! To the Romans, on the contrary, the lamp was well known, as appears from Pliny, and the great variety of antique specimens obtained from Pompeii and Herculaneum. A number of these relics of ancient art, from the common clay vessel, resembling in shape a glass-blower's shoe-lamp, to the elegant bronze device, were placed on the lecture-table: among the latter was the lamp used by Napoleon Bonaparte in the camp and the library; it was dug from the ruins of Pompeii or Herculaneum, and its classical associations must, in the mind of the emperor, have counterbalanced its inconvenience. This lamp is of a boat-like shape, with a serpent gracefully curving over it, and forming a sort of handle. Mr. Aikin noticed the peculiarities of the lamps

now in use. The bird-fountain lamp, so called because it resembles those pretty crystal vessels attached to bird-cages, burns by atmospheric pressure; air being excluded from the reservoir, the liquid contained in it does not descend and escape at the orifice below: such lamps do well enough when affixed to walls, but the fountain casts every object behind it in the shade, if it be placed in any other situation. The *Argand* lamp, invented fifty years ago by M. Argand, is the greatest improvement in lamps; it burns, as most people are aware, by a current of air passing through a cylinder in the middle of the wick, by which means the natural inferiority of light produced from oil is made superior to that from candles.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening the first sessional meeting of the Society for scientific purposes took place. The following papers were read:—Observations by Mr. Bennett relating to the natural history of the *Antelope dama* of Pallas, and *Antelope scripta* of systematic authors. Mr. Spooner read some notes of a *post-mortem* examination of the viscera of the former. Mr. Yarrell read a short paper on two undescribed organs of voice of birds. Dr. Grant, a very interesting paper on the *Beroë ovatus*, in which he detailed the structure and nervous system, illustrated by diagrams. The last paper was on the changes in the plumage of birds in the Society's gardens, by James Hunt, one of the keepers. A pleasing novelty is that the authors themselves read their communications; and discussions on such zoological points as were suggested in connexion with the memoirs read (on the same plan as those of the Geological Society), closed the proceedings of the meeting; a system which it is understood will be continued.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, Esq. in the chair.—Part of a paper by Dr. Faraday, on experimental researches in electricity, was read. It has been considered by some philosophers that there was not sufficient proof to establish the identity of the electricities—common, Voltaic, and animal; but the author in this portion of his communication adduces evidence by experiments which made him lean to a contrary opinion. He compares the electricities, beginning with Voltaic: magnetism, chemical decomposition, physiological effect, and, lastly, the spark, appertain to the Voltaic pile, although they may be altered or diminished by circumstances. Ordinary electricity, or that produced by the machine, is next considered: the attraction and repulsion of this the author regards as equivalent to tension produced by the electricity of Volta. Dr. Faraday then notices the opinion of MM. Arago, Ampère, and Savary, on the subject, with which he coincides; but as the reading of the paper was not concluded, it would be premature to follow it further at present.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JAN. 10. Mr. Amyott in the chair.—The Secretary concluded the reading of the Rev. R. B. Deane's learned and interesting dissertation on Dracontia, or serpent-temples, and particularly on the extensive Druidical remains at Carnac in Brittany.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The origin and use of the Round Towers of Ireland has been a topic of speculation and

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literary controversy to writers of all countries, from the days of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who flourished in the twelfth century, to the present.

In their anxiety to arrive at some satisfactory elucidation of the subject, the Royal Irish Academy, in December 1830, proposed a premium of a gold medal and fifty pounds to the author of an approved essay, in which all particulars respecting them was expected to be explained.

On the 17th of December last, they decided on the point by awarding the gold medal and fifty pounds to George Petrie, Esq.; and a gold medal to Henry O'Brien, Esq.

The theories which those two gentlemen advocate are directly opposed. Mr. Petrie's is not a new one—it is that which Montmorency supported before, viz. their being repositories for valuables belonging to the early Christian institutions. Mr. O'Brien has broached an entirely novel thought, carrying his researches to an era long anterior to Christianity, proving the existence of those structures before the light of revelation ever dawned, opening up the antiquities of the whole ancient world in illustration of his hypothesis, and connecting the edifices with the celebration of certain rites, the most interesting and engrossing in the whole compass of human occupations. As to the exact nature or accuracy of his proofs, we are not at liberty yet to pronounce; his book, at all events, is a novelty.

We understand that both essays are to be published.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Widow; or, Adieu to the Weeds. Drawn by Richter; engraved in mezzotinto by Lupton. London, 1833. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WHEN the original of this engraving was exhibited, we highly praised the happiness with which Mr. Richter had told the story of the widow casting her chrysalis of weeds. The giggling maid and the flattering milliner, the demure expression of the principal softening into a smile, the ringlets dropping from under her crimped cap, all plainly insinuate the change that has taken place, after frantic grief had subsided into deep sorrow, deep sorrow had dissolved into melancholy regret, and melancholy regret had allowed hope to invade its monotonous domain. Surely, indeed, that form was never made for single blessedness. All the accessories are also in excellent keeping; and it is long since we have seen an abler or better-executed print, or one more likely to be popular.

The Wreck. Painted by Gericault; engraved by J. Egan. Harding. We have always considered the original of this spirited and clever engraving, one of the most powerful works of modern art; and shall never forget the impression which it made on us when we first saw it, many years ago, at the Egyptian Hall. The wreck is that of Le Médecuse, which was attended by circumstances of the most appalling and horrible description, and which gave rise to a celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the reviewer, advertising to the wreck of the Alceste, drew a comparison (although not quite fairly, for the situations were somewhat different) between the conduct of English and French sailors, when exposed to extreme peril and hardship. Nothing could exceed the intensity and variety of expres-

sion, both of face and of figure, which Gericault threw into this admirable performance; added to which, it was finely composed, and exhibited extensive anatomical knowledge, and consummate skill in the management of effect. Mr. Egan has executed his difficult task with great ability. All that we wish is, that there had been less blackness in the plate: there was none in the picture, although it had abundant force.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part X.

"THE Lido and Port St. Nicholas," "Campo Santo, Pisa," "Lausanne," "Bologna," "Portrait of Lady Caroline Lamb," "Corinth, from the Acropolis," and "Athens and the Island of Egina," are the embellishments of the tenth Part of this charming work. They are all beautiful. "The Lido," from a drawing by Stanfield, and "Lausanne," from a drawing by Copley Fielding, appear to us to be pre-eminently so. The group of Italian figures in "Bologna," from a drawing by Harding, is very happily introduced.

Interiors. Drawn on stone by Samuel Prout. No. II. Ackermann and Co.

EQUAL in character and in masterly handling to No. I.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. With historical and critical Descriptions and Dissertations, by Allan Cunningham. No. V.

WE are unable to speak in terms of commendation of the plates in this number. That after Vandervelde is the best. The portrait of Henrietta, Queen of Charles I., is a sad libel on Vandyke.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Females, including Beauties of the Courts of George IV. and William IV. With Memoirs by John Burke, Esq. No. I. Bull.

THE first Part of an intended collection, to consist of twenty-four Parts, each containing three portraits, to be produced under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Cochrane, "from those pictures by Lawrence, Shee, Jackson, Pickersgill, Chalon, &c. &c. which have, in 'La Belle Assemblée,' excited such general interest and admiration." As the numbers of *La Belle Assemblée* have been regularly noticed in the *Literary Gazette* on their appearance, it is not necessary for us to do more than state that the present promises to be a very pleasing repetition. No. II. has also reached us, and confirms our opinion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOST SHIP.

DEEP in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She founded long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin-wall,
And many a curious dagger;
But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With the red flag of Old England,
To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her
When from her port sailed she,
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,
And joyous ones were they,
Dashed but with fond remembrance
Of friends so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip pressed kisses
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them
Deemed far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished
None knew, save Him on high;
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
She sailed far o'er the main—
We only know to England
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in hoping
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore,
God rest those souls in Heaven
Who met on earth no more!

L. E. L.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERTS.

THE first of a series of six concerts to be given by this Society, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening last, and, by its excellence, completely fulfilled the expectations held out by the prospectus which was issued some months ago. The selection consisted chiefly of compositions by Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Purcell, Handel, Hummel, &c. &c. with glee by Webbe, Crotch, Attwood, Bishop, &c. The performers, both vocal and instrumental, acquitted themselves in a manner that was worthy of the music; and that is saying a great deal, for some of it was of the highest order. The spirited and effective style in which the choruses and concerted pieces went off, evinced the good result of frequent and careful rehearsals. The concert was preceded by the national anthem, newly and beautifully arranged by Mr. Vincent Novello, and performed in a manner to give the arrangement full effect. Mrs. Bishop sang with much taste the fine offertory solo by Hummel, "Alma Virgo;" she also took the leading part in a selection from Mozart's Mass, No. I. She was a little too sharp in the "Benedictus," but, with this exception, her intonation was correct throughout the evening. She sang the solo "Agnus Dei" with good judgment, but was most effective in the "Dona nobis pacem." Her style in the few bars of solo on these words, was particularly spirited and excellent. Miss Clara Novello is a juvenile singer of high promise: her voice is sweet and ductile, her ear true, and her style already that of a sound musician. She acquitted herself admirably in several concerted pieces. "Lacia Amor" was finely sung by Phillips, and well accompanied

too; but it is not one of the most interesting of Handel's songs. A very pretty madrigal, by John Benet, bearing date 1601, was *encored*, notwithstanding an intimation Mr. Bellamy had been deputed to give the audience in the commencement of the evening, that the Society would gladly dispense with these repetitions, on account of their protracting the performance to so late an hour. We fully concur in the reasonableness of this objection to a very stupid custom. Braham sang "Mad Tom" in his finest style, with all that passionate energy he possesses in so pre-eminent a degree, yet without coarseness or exaggeration. The only instrumental piece during the evening was a beautiful quintet by Beethoven, for piano-forte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, very finely performed by Mrs. Anderson, and Messrs. G. Cooke, Willman, Mackintosh, and Platt. This was a rich treat. The middle movement was exquisitely sweet and touching, and Mrs. Anderson played as if she understood and felt all its beauties: it is impossible to praise too highly her performance throughout, the more especially as she was labouring under indisposition at the time. The common run of piano-forte players would be totally incompetent to do justice to this sort of music, which requires rather intelligence and feeling than agility of finger in the performer.

To keep up our critical character, we must mention two things which displeased us during the evening. In the first place, Mr. Broadhurst sang a ballad, with pretty words, it is true, but such paltry music as ought to have excluded it from a concert like this. In the next place, the charming "Benedictus" of Mozart's Mass, No. 1, was led off too fast by the instrumentalists, which caused some little confusion among the singers, and was very detrimental to the effect. These were the only exceptions to the general excellence of the performance.

On the whole, the Vocal Society have shewn so much good taste and good sense in this first attempt of theirs to cater for the genuine lovers of music, that we heartily wish them all the success they deserve. It is no small addition to the other merits of these concerts, that the admission is one-third less than the usual concert price.

MR. PHILLIPS'S CONCERT.

ON Wednesday, in Soho Square, Mr. Phillips resumed his instructive concerts, illustrative of lectures on music, in which the useful and pleasing are charmingly blended. He expatiated on various styles, and exemplified his precepts by examples; in which he was assisted by pupils, not only of great promise, but already of great merit. The audience was numerous, and highly gratified.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Wednesday a comic drama, in two acts, called *Nell Gwynne*, by Mr. Jerrold, was brought out at this theatre with most complete success. It is constructed on some historical and traditional passages in the life of this favourite of the second Charles; who flourished at a period when chastity was in such small repute as to be no exception to the general rule, and whose beauty and other good qualities threw a lustre even over her unfortunate position. The subject was one of infinite peril and delicacy to a dramatist; and it is greatly to the praise of the author, that he has treated it so skilfully as to afford an excellent picture of the manners of a licentious age, without offence to

the most fastidious moralist. In other respects, he has done much more. The piece is without a plot—we might almost say without a conclusion; yet, by originality of conception, by the mere force of situations, by the gradual and entertaining unfolding of a few probable incidents, by just delineation of character, by vivacity of dialogue, and by a composition generally sparkling with wit and talent, Mr. Jerrold has produced as pleasing a performance of its class as the stage can boast. *Nelly* (Miss Taylor) is amorous followed by an old counsellor, *Crowsfoot* (Blanchard); and they fall in with the King (Jones) in one of his incognito rambles. His sacred majesty, on a hint, assumes the character of a Bishopsgate mercer, the husband of Mrs. Gwynne; and the scene passes to the King's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where she has been engaged to speak the prologue to Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, preparatory to attempting the profession. Previous to this, she disguises herself as an orange girl for the lobby, and competes with *Orange Moll* (Keeley), a notorious drunken virago of that time. Mistakes ensue: *Charles* and his companion, *Sir Charles Barkeley* (Forrester), carry *Nell* off to the Mitre Tavern for a carouse; while *Crowsfoot*, having laid a plot for the same purpose through *Joe Haines*, a player (Meadows), removes *Orange Moll* to the same place. A most laughable equivoque ensues, in which all the parties mingle. The King is locked up for the tavern bill, the lawyer is deluded by the real and apparent *Molls*, much fun is elicited, and in the next change the prologue finishes the drama in a striking and appropriate manner, without pursuing the story whither it could not so well be told. We have already stated that the language is extremely clever; the finer thoughts are beautifully expressed, and the repartees are lively and amusing. The acting, too, was capital. Miss Taylor displayed every requisite for the part of the heroine, and was sprightly without license, and naturally touching where such a topic as the founding of Chelsea Hospital elicited her persuasive powers. We never admired her more than on this occasion; and if she would but give us a little more repose, less pliability of limb and gesture, she would be all that could be wished. Jones, in the *King*, was a gay reveller; Keeley, in *Orange Moll*, an epitome of humour; and Meadows, as far as *Joe Haines* would allow him, not a jot behind in comicality. Blanchard, in the dotard, was another most ludicrous personation; and the remaining parts, the managers of the theatres, tavern drawers, &c. were very adequately filled by Mrs. Daly, Messrs. Duruset, Perkins, Diddie, dear, and F. Matthews. The drama will keep its place as a popular favourite for years—a strange thing to say of a modern piece.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday, and during the week, *Don Quixote*, as a romantic serio-comic burletta, by Mr. Fitzball, with music by Mr. Rodwell, has been performed at this theatre, and been a source of even more than usual attraction. The subject of the adventures of the Knight of the Woful Countenance and his unparalleled squire, has been for many years familiar to the stage in many a dramatic form; and yet we rejoice to see it in another, for it is ever pleasing, ever new. The present piece comprises the story of Cardenio, created *Duke of Barataria* (Mr. Yates), and his fair duchess *Lucinda* (Mrs. Honey)—the doings of *Nicholas* the barber (Buckstone),—the fight with the windmills,—the release of the galley

slaves,—the night at the inn where *Maritones* (Miss Blake) figures—and *Sancho*'s government of the island of Barataria. The arrangement is good, and the whole highly diverting. O. Smith is the representative of *Don Quixote*, or rather he is *Don Quixote* himself. It is difficult to imagine any character upon the stage better conceived, better looked, or better acted. Reeve's part of *Sancho* is not so ably drawn out by the author; and consequently cannot be made so effective; besides which, Mr. Reeve is not exactly the little squat figure identified with the squire, and was not well dressed for it. Still, with his real Dapple, he was full of drollery, and contrived to raise shouts of merriment among the audience. Yates proved himself as worthy of a dukedom as either the Marquess of Stafford or of Cleveland; and Mrs. H. looked very charming, both *en cavalier* and in petticoats. Buckstone fitted the barber to a hair; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as *Teresa*, played with all the delightful *naïveté* which leaves her so few equals upon the metropolitan boards. Mrs. Daly and Miss Blake also won a meed of praise by clever performance. The whole went off with great *éclat*, and is, most deservedly, a public favourite. It is surprising how much is done in machinery and scenery at this small house. Here, the living Rosinante and Dapple are not only introduced in capital style; but the finale, with the jets and fountains illuminated by coloured lights, is one of the most superb and striking scenes we ever saw exhibited. The music is also very sweet: several of the concerted pieces and choruses do honour to Mr. Rodwell's taste and science.

The Pantomimes, &c.—The various pantomimes may now be witnessed, literally *licked* into their mature shapes; and much improved by the process. We out-stayed that of Covent Garden on Wednesday, (which by the way, procured us the great additional pleasure of hearing H. Phillips in the *Quaker*, and seeing our dear little Mrs. Keeley, of whom, considering her superior talents in soubrettes, we, somehow or other, see far too little), and were again as much amused by *Puss in Boots* as if we had been taken, like many laughters around us, in our first holydays. At Drury Lane on the same evening the *Waterman* afforded Braham a farther opportunity of delighting the auditory with several of his best songs; and never more chastely or better sung. The "Trim built Wherry," and the "Bay of Biscay O!" were incomparable treats, and loudly encored. In the pantomime, Bartlett (*Pantaloons*), Wieland (*Clown*), Howell (*Harlequin*), and Southby (*Pierrot*), have got famously together; and that extraordinary personage, Green, the resuscitated mummy, puts an end to all theory of human anatomy. Gentlemen who throw their feet over their shoulders, behind their head, and walk off in that position, and who, indeed, take every twisted form which a figure of Indian rubber could take, and so hop or crawl about, are certes not to be lightly spoken of. At the Adelphi, in the *King of Clubs*, Gibson, Brown, Sanders, and King, in combining postures are equally surprising; and with Miss Griffiths and the tricks of the pantomime conclude every evening with unabated applause. At the Olympic we are sorry to find Liston still reported on the sick list; and Vestris herself much indisposed. The performances are nevertheless carried on with spirit.

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VARIETIES.

Parliamentary Difference.—“The only difference between Dan O’Connell and Gully in parliament,” said a wag, “is, that Gully is a *Peeler*, and Dan a *Re-peeler*.”

Vesuvius.—The mountain has been in a state of activity during all the early part of December; and in consequence of the prolonged eruptions, the lava had, according to the latest accounts, spread considerably, and threatened the habitations at the foot.

Life-Boat.—A Mr. Penshon is stated to have contrived a very important improvement, by which the life-boat may be launched in five minutes instead of thirty—a vast matter when gallant lives are at stake.

Life-Raft.—Another individual has, through the medium of an application to the Lord Mayor, made public the construction of a temporary raft of casks and spars, for the saving of shipwrecked mariners. We are not sure if it be the same we have already noticed; but rejoice to learn that government and several powerful chartered bodies countenance the humane experiment.

1. *The Ladies’ Keepsake.* 2. *The British Gentleman’s Pocket-book.* *W. Marshall.*—Mr. Marshall deserves great praise for his promptitude and industry in so speedily producing his almanac for 1833, with the list of members for the reformed parliament. It is a valuable addition to any pocket-book, and almost alone sufficient to recommend one. *The Ladies’* is worthy of its name.

Dublin University Magazine, No. I.—We are always ready to welcome our new contemporaries to the field; and are glad to have here another instance of the rising energy of Ireland in literary pursuits. The political principles of the *D. U. Magazine* are Tory; its miscellaneous contents well written, and diversified by tales, &c. One begun by Mr. Lover is worthy of his pen, and also furnishes a very characteristic frontispiece-sketch for the pencil.

The University Review, No. I. Dublin, Grant and Bolton—is another incipient literary effort, just started by our friends in Ireland. It is a quarterly review, to be distinct from politics, and exclusively written by members of Trinity College. Some original articles, and several reviews judiciously given to publications connected with Ireland, afford a favourable specimen of the talent employed in the opening Number.

Maps.—We ought all to be famous geographers, for the weekly papers seem determined to supply the population gratis with maps. With the last No. of the *Town* we got a portion of a capital coloured map of England, with the reform boundaries, &c. &c. It is really a handsome production, and, if finished as begun, will be one of the best maps of Great Britain extant.

Egypt and Nubia.—These ancient lands, ever of the deepest interest to the philosophical inquirer, and never more than now, when such efforts are making to explore their hidden stores of history and literature, are likely to receive much elucidation from the labours of *M. Risso*, who has been travelling in the East during no less than twenty-two years. We have had the pleasure to meet this gentleman, at present in London, and to ascertain the vast extent of his acquisitions in every branch of science. His drawings amount to 6000, including architecture, inscriptions, costumes, natural history, &c. &c. &c.; and we observe, from the unanimous testimony of the

highest names belonging to the Institutes and Societies of France, that what he has already produced is very highly appreciated. In England, we trust the work will meet with like encouragement; for knowledge, intelligence, and merit, are of no nation, but belong to the world.

The Yellow Colour of Animals and Plants.—It is a curious fact, that animal and vegetable yellows should be so much more permanent than all other colours. The yellow of the petals of flowers is the only colour which is not discharged by the fumes of sulphureous acid. If a lighted match be held under a flower, heart’s-ease (*Viola tricolor*) for example, the purple tint will instantly disappear, but the yellow will remain unchanged: the yellow of a wall-flower (*Cheiranthus fruticosus*) will continue the same, though the brown streak will be discharged.—*Field Naturalist’s Mag.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library announces a Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, founded on authentic and original documents, some of them never before published, by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq.; and also, Nubia and Abyssinia, comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History, by the Rev. Dr. M. Russell, LL.D.; James Wilson, Esq. &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday, 3	From 33 to 43.	30 31 to 30 40
Friday 4	31. . . . 37.	30 44 . . . 30 46
Saturday 5	29. . . . 37.	30 40 . . . 30 37
Sunday 6	25. . . . 36.	30 39 . . . 30 41
Monday 7	22. . . . 35.	30 44 . . . 30 50
Tuesday 8	24. . . . 36.	30 51 . . . 30 55
Wednesday 9	27. . . . 33.	30 53 . . . 30 41

Prevailing wind S.E.

The 5th clear; otherwise generally cloudy, but rendered very pleasant by frequent intervals of sunshine. The barometer has been remarkably high throughout the week, especially on the three last days.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. could hardly expect us to insert an anonymous communication on a subject of so much importance. Our statement was derived from a known and authentic quarter; and we cannot impugn it on less authority.

We are obliged to Mrs. W. for her offer of letters on capital punishments; but we really fear to enter upon what might perhaps be called a criminal correspondence. The Hymn of Invitation to the Lord’s Supper we must decline with thanks; and an acknowledgment of its piety and merit on the subject we consider to be too sacred to be placed in juxtaposition with perhaps light and miscellaneous reading.

Letters must send the lines direct to Miss P.—, on whom we have no doubt they will produce a proper effect.

We are obliged to Mr. H. and will soon attend to his communication.

J. M. H.’s first polite offering is declined with thanks.

ERRATUM.—By mistake, in our review of *Wacousta* last week, we mentioned Baldwin and Co. as the publishers, instead of Mr. Cadell.

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